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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

April 27, 1955

PRICE



**MANNEQUINS FOR OUR ITALIAN PARADES**—See pages 12, 13



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APRIL 27, 1955

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## THE GLORIOUS FAILURE

**F**ORTY years ago this month, as a bleak dawn broke over a barren peninsula in Asia Minor, a birth took place.

It was the birth of a tradition, springing into life on a battlefield strewn with the dead of the two youngest nations on earth—Australia and New Zealand.

On that Gallipoli hillside the two untried young countries engraved their names decisively in the honor rolls of nationhood.

From the anguish and suffering of an action which, from a military point of view, was a colossal failure came a tradition of service and self-sacrifice fitting to be an inspiration far down the centuries.

Already the military side of Gallipoli is almost forgotten. The bitterness and hate of 40 years ago have died so completely that this Anzac Day a number of the original Anzacs are revisiting Gallipoli as the honored guests of the Turkish Government.

But the spirit of Anzac is undying. It is the spirit which recognises the responsibilities, as well as the privileges, of nationhood. And it applies to peace as well as to war.

Those Anzacs, so young and so far from home, who "poured out the red, sweet wine of youth" on the Dardanelles long ago, died for more than military victory.

As succeeding generations have realised, their death was a pledge of faith in their countries. In the manner of their dying they affirmed that the peace, the freedom, and the tolerance of their homelands were qualities worth preserving at any price—even the price of death itself.

It remains for the living to keep that same faith in all their actions, and to preserve with it the same passionate devotion that enabled the Anzacs to turn a military failure into a spiritual triumph.

## Our cover:

● Our Italian mannequins were discussing their trip to Australia when this picture was taken. They are, from left, Marisa, Eletta, Terry, and Lully. Lully will act as interpreter, as she is the only one who can speak English, though Eletta has learned a little. All hope to master some basic phrases by the time they arrive. On pages 12 and 13 are more pictures of the girls and stories about them, and about the fashions they will show in Australia on their 80-day tour.

## This week:

● It is well known that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh do not allow their children to be addressed as Prince and Princess. Marjorie Earl, who writes the story of the resemblance between Anne and her mother, on pages 20 and 21, also relates the following incident to prove that Anne, at any rate, is unconscious of her rank. The two children meeting a new maid in a corridor questioned her about the big bunch of keys she was carrying. When she answered, she called them prince and princess. After the interrogation was over she said, "Good-bye, Prince Charles, good-bye, Princess Anne."

"Good-bye, Princess Keys," Anne replied.

● A well-planned meal is enhanced by a table-setting which suits it perfectly, whether it is a wedding breakfast, informal luncheon, afternoon tea, or dinner. On pages 16 and 17 are tables arranged by well-known hostesses for a recent exhibition, and the cookery page, which features Chinese cookery, also carries a picture of the exhibition dinner table set by Mrs. S. H. Sih, wife of the Consul-General for China.

## Next week:

● Young Australian journalist Audrey Budd attends a fox-hunt in Lincolnshire, and, with a Mr. Fisk as mentor, follows in a car, enabling her to give a covert-to-covert description. One covert was a patch of beans, which suffered considerably in the process of finding the fox. Mr. Fisk, who is a gentleman farmer himself, explained that the hunt recompensed farmers for any damage.

● Color pictures will show some of the beautiful Italian designs and materials which will be worn at our fashion parades.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

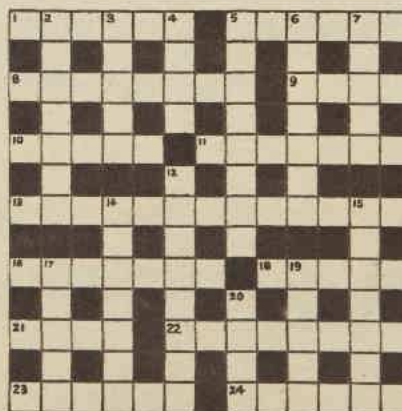
### ACROSS

1. It looks like a quarrel in a pub but is only a handcart (6).
5. Part of bridge which comes from a tree (6).
8. With not a grin you can be uninstructed (6).
9. His cap can measure paper (4).
10. Blunt a slangy rage (6).
11. Conference (7).
13. Skillful acts or are they blows from the skipper? (6-7).
18. Leo takes a punt to become rich (7).
18. This island of Scotland is not clerical (5).
21. Unite, provided you start with everybody (4).
22. Stamps but not from the post office (8).
23. Worn over a shoe (6).
24. When the bookie finishes he pays out (6).

RETAILS FABLE  
O O N H A R N  
SENDS ENGLAND  
ET I L D I O  
SAGES LATIN R  
H T A K S  
ARTIST TONINE  
L O W N S N  
L A R O M A M O D E L  
L E D I T A I A  
G A L L O W S N O T E D  
E C O U T L E L L  
S A T Y R S W I N D L E

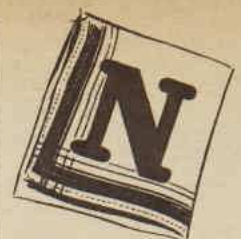
Solution to last week's Crossword.

Solution will  
be published  
next week.



### DOWN

2. Bar a leg (Anagr. 7).
3. Settle for sleep (5).
4. Enfold, mostly with a slight blow (4).
6. Acknowledges error about short treatises (8).
6. Quadraped with dull yellow top (7).
7. Lyric poem containing a seed-vessel (5).
12. Wave about a corn-husk vessel (8).
14. Cry disliked by foxes (5-2).
18. Praised a broken axle carried by Edward on his head (7).
17. Dance or dot (5).
19. Ill will with a hole in the centre (5).
20. Mixed soup prepared for musician (4).



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# HOUSE FOR SALE

The house was perfect for a newly married couple; it had simply everything . . . everything, that is, except someone who wanted to buy it.

It was a day. The sun shone, birds twittered, peace flooded the countryside—and Bert Mace, who worked for his father in the real-estate business, wished he were dead.

As far as the eye could see, handsome little houses dotted the lake shore—all built by Bert's father, who advertised himself shamelessly in the newspapers as Mace the Ace. Mace the Ace built the houses, and his son Bert sold them. Only in this case Mace the Ace was one up.

Two hundred spanking white houses he had built—and within the first 72 hours of public display 199 had been sold. This real estate triumph was now, however, a good seven weeks in the past. And since that time Bert Mace had come no closer to selling the one remaining house than Molotov to winning the Nobel Peace Prize.

"Take care, Buster," Miss Hines, his father's secretary, admonished Bert Mace by telephone from the city this very morning. "Mace the Ace is on a tear."

Bert admired Miss Hines. She was efficient, unobtrusive, bespectacled—everything a secretary should be. Into the telephone he said, "I don't know why he's such a bear cat. After all, I sold all but one of the houses."

"That's just it," Miss Hines said. "He can't understand your not selling that one."

"I understand it," Bert said. "If I had sold all but two, the line would extend from here to the Bronx—but when you have only one left people figure there must be something wrong with it. Of course, you and I know that when you sell 200 of anything you inevitably reach the point where there is only one of whatever it is left. But try to sell a house on that basis!"

"And try to tell that to your father," Miss Hines said.

Bert Mace leaned back in his chair and put his feet up on the desk. The chair, the desk, and the telephone were the only furnishings in the unsold house, which Bert occupied from nine to five each hopeless day.

"I tell you, Miss Hines," he said into the phone, "someday someone is going to figure a way so that if you build 200 houses and sell all but one, there's none left. Do you follow that?"

"No," Miss Hines said. She sounded a little concerned. "Are you all right out there?"

"Perfectly," Bert Mace said. "Woodvale is a lovely country town, only 22 minutes from Grand Central, if you happen to commute by jet plane, and on the shore of lovely Lake Kenmore . . ."

"They're going to be dragging lovely Lake Kenmore for your remains if you don't hustle that last parcel," Miss Hines said. "Mace the Ace said this morning that if the house wasn't sold by tonight he was going to put you back to mixing concrete."

"Knowing my gentle father," Bert said, "I have a feeling he meant it."

"He did," Miss Hines said.

Bert Mace hung up the phone. The world was against him. His father spoke to him in anger; Hector Fillmore, who was sales agent for the Fillmore Dream Houses over the hill, giggled every time they met. Indeed, only Miss Hines was nice to him, and after seven weeks away from the office, Bert Mace no longer remembered what Miss Hines looked like.

Since joining forces with his father, Bert had worked his way upward at a turtle's pace. He had started as a laborer, then become a job foreman—and now was field agent for sales.

His ambition was to sit behind a desk in New York, with a minimum of three telephones at his elbow, and conduct business with a capital B. Someday he—and not his father—would

be Mace the Ace . . .

"I am a failure," Bert said to Kellerman, who operated the snack-bar in Woodvale. "I am 30 years of age and my father will not let me near the office. He farms me out like a medium truck. Odd-jobs Mace, they call me."

"Didn't sell that house, hey?" Kellerman said. "Did you want the special or just a lettuce-and-tomato sandwich?"

"If it's not sold by nightfall I'm through," Bert said.

"One lettuce-and-tomato coming up," Kellerman said.

"Now, you take Norman Fillmore," Bert said. "Maybe Fillmore Dream Houses didn't sell as fast as ours did right off the bat. But Norman Fillmore sits up there in his little sales office and knocks off his two or three sales a week just like clockwork. I went to school with Norman Fillmore. His father thinks a lot of him."

"Bright young feller," Kellerman said.

"He wasn't bright in school," Bert said glumly.

"Reason I'm making you a tomato-and-lettuce," Kellerman said, "is that it won't take long to eat. That way you can get back to the house in case a buyer shows up. Never can be too careful, you know."

"In the last 10 days," Bert said, "only one person has shown up, and that was



Bert could hardly take his amazed eyes off this beautiful girl, who whispered to him, "I'm Gloria."

Illustrated by

To page 47



It wouldn't be a picnic  
without a basket . . .



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# Bath Tangle

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**By  
GEORGETTE HEYER**

ROMANTIC complications develop soon after SERENA, beautiful and high-spirited only child of the late Earl of Spenborough, comes to live in Bath with her youthful stepmother, FANNY.

Serena becomes secretly engaged to MAJOR HECTOR KIRKBY, a girlhood sweetheart of whom her father disapproved. Almost simultaneously, she and Fanny are shocked to read of the most unsuitable betrothal of the domineering MARQUIS OF ROTHERHAM, Serena's ex-flame and trustee, to EMILY LALEHAM, a pretty but brainless girl, who is less than half his age and the daughter of a noted social climber.

In Bath, Serena has become friendly with Emily's grandmother, MRS. FLOORE, a very wealthy, good-hearted, but vulgar woman who supports the Laleham household though she is never received in it. When Emily presently comes to stay with her grandmother, ostensibly to recuperate after an attack of influenza, Fanny and Serena shrewdly suspect that she is actually overawed by her engagement, and Fanny hopes it will be broken. Serena, however, takes Emily kindly under her wing, seeming determined to ensure that it shall go on successfully.

Meanwhile the Major, to his great distress, has become increasingly aware that he and Serena are really, quite unsuited to each other. Then, in utter dismay, he and Fanny realise that they are in love, and he makes an excuse to leave Bath immediately for fear Serena should guess their secret. NOW READ ON:



Illustrated by Boothroyd

**A** DAY or so after the Major's precipitate departure from Bath, Rotherham was seated at his desk in his study at Claycross when the butler came in to announce the arrival of his eldest ward, Mr. Gerard Monksleigh.

Rotherham flung down the paper he was holding and swore. "Now what?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Peaslake did not reply, but waited placidly. "I shall have to see him, I suppose," Rotherham said irritably. "Tell him to come in!—and warn him he isn't staying here more than one night!"

A few minutes later the butler opened the door again, and announced Mr. Monksleigh, and Rotherham's eldest ward strode resolutely into the room.

A slender young gentleman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with skin-tight pantaloons of bright yellow, and starched shirt points so high that they obscured his cheekbones, he was plainly struggling with conflicting emotions. Wrath sparkled in his eyes, but trepidation had caused his cheeks to assume a somewhat pallid hue.

He came to a halt in the middle of the room, gulped, drew an audible breath, and uttered explosively: "Cousin Rotherham! I must and will speak to you!"

"Where the devil did you get that abominable waistcoat?" demanded Rotherham.

Since Mr. Monksleigh had occupied himself, while left to wait in the Green Saloon, in composing and silently rehearsing his opening speech, this entirely unexpected question threw him off his balance.

He blinked, and stammered: "It isn't ab-bominable! It's all the c-crack!"

"Don't let me see it again! What do you want?" Mr. Monksleigh, touched on the raw, hesitated. On the one hand, he was strongly tempted to defend his taste in waistcoats; on the other, he had been given the cue for his opening speech. He decided to respond to it, drew another deep breath, and began to speak in rather too highpitched a voice, and much more rapidly than he had intended.

"Cousin Rotherham! Little though you may relish my visit, little though you may like what I have to say, reluctant though you may be to reply to me, I will not submit to being turned away from your door! It is imperative—"

"You haven't been turned away from my door."

"It is imperative that I should have speech with you!" said Mr. Monksleigh.

"You are having speech with me—a vast deal of speech! How much?"

Choking with indignation, Mr. Monksleigh said: "I didn't come to ask you for money! I don't want any money!"

"Aren't you in debt?"

"No, I am not! Well, nothing to signify!" he amended.

"And if I hadn't had to come all the way to Claycross to find you I should be quite plump in the pocket, what's more! Naturally, I didn't bargain for that! There's no way of living economically if one is obliged to dash all over the country, but that wasn't my fault! First there was the hack to carry me to Aldersgate; then there was my ticket on the mail-coach; and the tip to the guard; and another to the coachman, of course; and then I had to hire a chaise-and-pair to bring me here from Gloucester; and as a matter of fact, I shall have to ask you for an advance on next quarter's allowance, unless you prefer to lend me some blunt. I dare say you think I ought to have travelled on the stage, but—"

"Have I said so?"

"No, but—"

"Then wait until I do! What have you come to say to me?"

"Cousin Rotherham!" began Mr. Monksleigh again.

"I'm not a public meeting!" said Rotherham irascibly.

"Don't say 'Cousin Rotherham!' every time you open your mouth! Say what you have to say like a reasonable being! And sit down!"

Mr. Monksleigh flushed scarlet, and obeyed, biting his over-sensitive lip. He stared resentfully at his guardian, lounging behind his desk, and watching him with faint scorn in his eyes. He had arrived at Claycross so burning with the sense of his wrongs that had Rotherham met him on the doorstep he felt sure that he could have discharged his errand with fluency, dignity, and forcefulness. But first he had been kept waiting quite a while; next he had been obliged to suspend his oratory to admit that a monetary advance would be welcome—indeed, necessary, if the post-boys were to be paid; and now he had been sharply called to order as though he had been a schoolboy.

All these things had a damping effect upon him, but, as he stared at Rotherham, every ill he had suffered at his hands, every malicious spoke that had been thrust into his ambitions, and every cruel set-down he had received, came into his mind, and a sense of injury gave him courage to speak.





The movement of the dance separated the couple just as Gerard muttered dramatically, "I have come to save you."

"It is of a piece with all the rest!" he said suddenly, kneading his hands together between his knees.

"What is?"

"You know very well! Perhaps you thought I shouldn't dare speak to you! But—"

"If I thought that I've learnt my mistake!" interpolated Rotherham. "What the devil are you accusing me of?" He perceived that his ward was laboring under strong emotion, and said, with a good deal of authority in his voice, but much less asperity: "Come, Gerard, don't be a gudgeon! What am I supposed to have done?"

"Everything you could to blight every ambition I ever had!" Gerard replied with suppressed violence.

Rotherham looked considerably taken aback. "Comprehensive!" he said dryly.

"It's true! You never liked me! Just because I didn't wish to hunt, or box, or play cricket, or shoot, or—any of the things you like, except fishing, and it's no thanks to you I do like fishing, because you forbade me to borrow your rods, as though I had intended to break it—I mean—"

"What you mean," said Rotherham ruthlessly, "is that I taught you in one sharp lesson not to take my rods without leave! If this is a sample of the various ways in which I have blighted your ambition—"

"Well, it isn't! I only—Well, anyway, I shouldn't care for that if it weren't for all the rest! It has been one thing after another! When I was at Eton, and had the chance to spend the summer holidays sailing with friends, could I prevail upon you to give your consent? No! You sent me to that miserable grinder, just because my tutor told you I shouldn't pass Little-Go. Much he knew about it! But, of course, you chose to believe him, and not me, because you have always taken a—malicious delight in thwarting me! Ay! and when you knew that I wanted to go up to Oxford with my particular friends you sent me to Cambridge! If that was not malice, what was it?"

Rotherham, who had stretched both legs out, was lying back in his chair, with his ankles crossed, and his hands in the pockets of his buckskin breeches, regarding his incensed ward with a look of sardonic amusement. He said, "A desire to separate you from your particular friends. Go on!"

This answer not unnaturally fanned the flames of Mr. Monksleigh's fury. "You admit it! I guessed as much! All of a piece! Yes, and you refused to lend me the money to get my poems published, and not content with that you insulted me!"

"Did I?" said Rotherham, faintly surprised.

"You know you did! You said you liked better security for your investments!"

"That was certainly unkind. You must blame my unfortunate manner! I've never had the least finesse, I fear. However, I can't feel that I blighted that ambition. You'll be of age in little more than a year, and then you can pay to have the poems published yourself."

"And I shall do so! And also," said Gerard belligerently, "I shall choose what friends I like, and go where I like, and do what I like!"

"Rake's Progress. Have I chosen any friends for you, by the way?"

"No, you haven't! All you do is to object to my friends! Would you permit me to visit Brighton that time when Lord Grosmont asked me to go along with him? No, you would not! But that wasn't the worst! Last year! When I came down in the middle of term, after Boney escaped from Elba, and begged you to give me permission to enrol as a volunteer! Did you listen to a word I said? Did you consider the matter? Did you give me permission? Did—"

"No," interrupted Rotherham unexpectedly. "I did not." Disconcerted by this sudden answer to his rhetorical questions Gerard glanced at him. "And very poor-spirited I thought you to submit so tamely to my decree," Rotherham added.

A vivid flush rose to Gerard's face. He said hotly, "I was forced to submit! You have always had the whip-hand! I have been obliged to do as you ordered me because you paid for my education, and for my brother's, and Cambridge, too, and if ever I had dared to—"

"Stop!" Such molten rage sounded in the one rapped-out word that Gerard quailed. Rotherham was no longer lounging in his chair, and there was no vestige of amusement in his face. It wore instead so unpleasant an expression that Gerard's heart began to thud violently, and he felt rather

sick. Rotherham was leaning forward, one hand on his desk, and clenched hard.

"Have I ever held that threat over your head?" he demanded. "Answer me!"

"No!" Gerard said, his voice jumping nervously. "No, but—but I knew it was you who sent me to Eton, and now Ch-Charlie, as well, and—"

"Did I tell you so?"

"No," Gerard muttered, quite unable to meet those brilliant, angry eyes. "My mother . . ."

"Then how dare you speak to me like that, you insufferable cub?" Rotherham said sternly.

Scarlet-faced, Gerard faltered: "I—I beg your pardon! I didn't mean—Of course, I am excessively grateful to you, C-Cousin Rotherham!"

"If I had wanted your gratitude I should have told you that I had taken upon myself the charge of your education! I don't want it!"

Gerard cast a fleeting look up at him. "I'm glad you don't! To know that I'm beholden to you—now!"

"Make yourself easy! You owe me nothing—any of you! I have done nothing for you!"

Gerard looked up again, startled.

"That surprises you, does it? Do you imagine that I cared the snap of my fingers how or where you were educated? You were wonderfully wrong! All I cared for was that your father's sons should be educated as he was and as he would have wished them to be! Anything I've chosen to do has been for him, not for you!"

Crestfallen, and considerably shaken, Gerard stammered: "I—I didn't know! I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to say—to say what I did say, precisely!"

"Very well," Rotherham said curtly.

"I didn't really think you would—"

"Oh, that will do, that will do!"

"Yes, but—I lost my temper! I shouldn't have—"

Rotherham gave a short laugh. "Well, I must be the last man alive not to pardon you for that! Have you come

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 27, 1955



# Release of the Heart

BY GEOFFREY COTTERELL

YOU couldn't get away from it anywhere, Dr. Summers was thinking.

This self-assured boy in the fancy waistcoat, who had just handed him a dry martini, was on leave from the Navy and recently back from service in Korea.

Part of the time he had been with an American ship, and he was enthusiastic about the Americans.

"You ought to see those old reservists. Some of them are thirty-five but, take it from me, they can still fly."

Guy Summers was thirty-five and not too delighted by the "but" or the "still."

"My wife and I have just spent a year in the States," he said. "As a matter of fact, we're thinking of settling there."

"No kidding?" said the sailor, with an unsuccessful American accent. "Which is your wife?"

"On the left of the curtain, talking to the woman in the green velvet dress."

"Frightfully pretty girl."

The Navy floated away and Guy was at once involved with a woman who wanted to tell him about her husband's nervous breakdown, which, surely as night followed day, was going to give her a nervous breakdown if things went on as they were.

Guy listened and murmured politely, but all the time he was watching Peggy. Also he saw the Navy zig-zagging purposefully across the packed room in her direction. So Peggy, too, was shortly to be tested on what she thought about Americans. You couldn't get away from it anywhere.

To go or not to go, that was the question. The argument on their way to this Eaton Square party had followed the usual lines. It was one thing to be a guest in another country, but something else if you tried to turn yourself into one of its citizens.

Peggy wondered if, after all, they would like American education for their children. It simply meant, he told her, that they began their social life ten years earlier than in England. Well, there might be difficulties they didn't know about, she said. It was how they always went on.

For himself he had no doubts. Their year in America had been a complete success. He was with a Detroit hospital on a fellowship, and though it wasn't easy, for they were short of dollars and had two babies to look after, they had been overwhelmed with generosity and warmth-heartedness.

To cap it all, a doctor whom they both liked and whose practice was growing fast had offered Guy a partnership. The letter arrived a week after they came home and just when they needed it most.

It meant a future with more promise than they could ever hope to have in England. But he knew it was no good going unless they were both voting for it. It would be hopeless if Peggy spent her life being homesick.

The Navy had reached her and she was giving him her party smile. She looked as if she were enjoying herself. Guy was glad to see it. He was depressed and puzzled by her attitude, but he knew how worried she was.

Someone gave him another drink. Someone held a tray of little things to eat in front of him. He lost sight of Peggy. The hostess, in a rustling and expensive gown with one bare shoulder, stood beside him to ask if he were all right. She was a widow of a baronet and very rich.

Before he could answer, a good-looking young man with fair hair smiled in her face. "What a lovely party!" "Is it?" the hostess smiled back and swept on. The fair young man, whom Guy had recognised with a vague feeling of disquiet, swept somewhere else.

A girl in pearls and a black dress asked, "Are you going on to Nina's?"

He shook his head. He didn't know who Nina was and he didn't care, and this party had gone on for too long. It was a little world he didn't belong to, and he had never quite got over his astonishment that Peggy did.

Suddenly he heard her talking.

"It's the kind of part I've always dreamt of, darling," she was saying to the fair young man. "I'd love to do it. It's made for me—"

With sickness in his heart that he could hardly believe, Guy turned sharply away. He knew now what she had been worrying about and, of course, he had been privately afraid of it all along.

He got himself another martini. Then someone was telling him about a new ballet, but had to break off her tedious ecstasies to say, "I didn't see Barney Calthrop arrive. Who is it he's talking to, do you know?"

"My wife," Guy said.

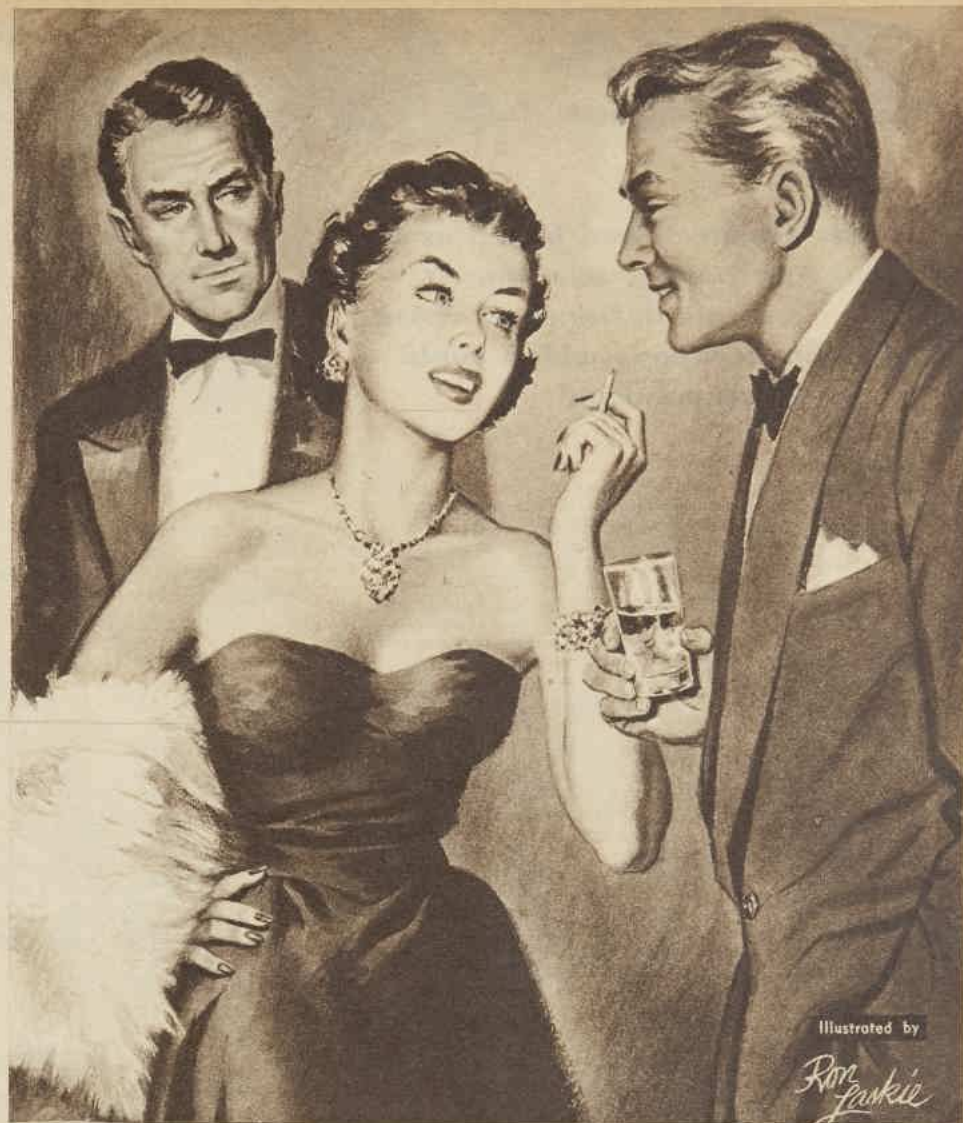
"Is it really? Is she in the theatre?"

"She used to be."

He hadn't known she was an actress when they met at a hospital dance in the Midlands. She was just a thin, dark girl whom he was instantly and permanently crazy about. She told him she was with a repertory company and he drove her back to her digs, which were in a grimy street half a mile from the theatre.

When she saw his face she burst out laughing and told him theatrical digs were always like this, but don't worry, stardom and big hotels lay ahead, round the corner, next week, next year. Look at Barney Calthrop, a boy in this very company, who had been spotted by a London manager only a year ago and his name was in lights already on Shaftesbury Avenue.

Barney was a darling and had heaps of talent, but he's had to spend five years in repertory before the happy release. She only hoped she wouldn't have to wait until she was twenty-five.



Illustrated by

Ron Fankle

However, she had to go on waiting for the moment. Guy spent every possible Saturday night watching her, but, though the sight of her filled him with elation, he could not help feeling that as an actress she was distinctly wooden.

As they fell more deeply in love, he became a regular listener to the tale of disappointment which accompanies almost every artistic career. He also became used to the deeply affectionate conversations he had to overhear between Peggy and male members of the company, though it was clear that the only time she said "darling" and meant it was when she was talking to him.

The future was not very clear, for it never occurred to her that marriage could involve giving up the theatre. "Who once eats out of the tin bowl—darling," she said.

Anyway, it had all been over at last, with a final blow when a girl in the company whom Peggy regarded as junior both in talent and experience had been given a job by a London producer.

It was the fine old moment of truth. "Guy, I'm no good. I suppose that's the trouble."

He remembered that evening and the way she said a little later, "Well, if you really mean it . . . well, yes, if you really mean it—"

He could see her sitting slumped against the bench in her dressing-room, with all the litter about which had so shocked him when he saw it first. On the bench there was a newspaper open at the theatre gossip column, with a story about the girl.

But this was only one of her upsets that night. Someone was ill, so she had to be assistant stage-manager, which meant scene-shifting until three in the morning. That was the theatre, at lower levels. It was unfair to take advantage of her then, but if you wanted something as

badly as he wanted her, you had to take every advantage.

"You'll bear just being a doctor's wife?" He was the general who couldn't believe he'd won a battle.

"I never want to see a stage again, darling. Except from the front of the house, and then not too often." So they married, took rooms near his hospital and had two children. He was contemplating private practice when the opportunity came for the year in Detroit.

Anyway, he thought, it was hopeless to think any more about settling there. If Peggy had never really given up the theatre, it would stay with her always. "Who once eats out—" he should have listened when she told him that.

Poor girl, she wouldn't be homesick in Detroit, she'd be theatre-sick. The children were nothing to do with it, either. Plenty of actresses had children. No doubt plenty of doctors were married to actresses. He had tried to have everything his own way and it wasn't possible. Detroit was out.

People were saying all round that they thought people were beginning to go. It was the moment when a party breaks up, the room was magically less crowded.

But all he saw was Peggy, still talking to Barney Calthrop. He remembered how anxious she had been to come to this party. She must have known, of course, that he would be here.

The thought suddenly filled him with anger. He wasn't the martyr any more. After all, she was his wife and she was a mother, and she had duties, too.

He moved over towards her. "Hey," he said, "it's time we were off."

"Darling, you've met Barney, haven't you?"

Rather miserably, Guy came up to Peggy talking animatedly to Barney Calthrop, "Hey," he said, "it's time we were off."

"Hullo," Barney Calthrop said. "I hate to tell you but your wife is off her head, sweet creature that she is. She seems to have forgotten that it isn't easy to get jobs in the theatre—"

"Barney, I loathe you!" Peggy said. "I forbade you to mention a word. Guy dear, Barney has been trying to get me a job, and—oh, I can't explain here, let's say goodbye and—Barney, sweet, I'll phone you—"

"Good-bye," Guy said, his anger evaporated. He was the martyr once again, and it was just as if he were back in her repertory days listening to the theatrical talk and sympathising with her regularly, once a week. Peggy's eyes were very bright. He took her arm and she squeezed his hand.

As they drove out of the square towards Chelsea, she said, "Listen, darling—Barney's agent phoned me three weeks ago and asked me to go somewhere and read a part. It's a comedy—opens at Brighton in April and London three weeks later. Barney has just told me that I'm the lucky girl."

Guy was startled. He had certainly not expected good news.

"But that's wonderful!" He made himself sound as if he meant it. "It's terrific."

"Of course he's furious with me for turning it down."

The car swerved, he was so astonished.

"All the same," she smiled, "it'll be nice to live to a happy old age knowing I made the grade. Now we can go to America."

(Copyright)



# THE PROFESSOR

**His research had begun as an amusing hobby, but now it was his defiance of those terrible weapons which could destroy mankind**

**P**ROFESSOR ROBINSON, of Marwood research plant, left the conference room feeling uneasy. He wasn't troubled on his own account. Even though lately he felt at times a vague weariness, his work was still absorbingly interesting to him. The decision that he and his colleagues were to work longer hours to complete the preliminary calculations for a high priority experiment made him uneasy not for himself but for his wife, Rose.

For the remainder of the day thoughts of Rose came between him and his work, making concentration impossible. Usually, after he kissed her goodbye in the mornings, he dismissed her from his mind, and it seldom occurred to him to wonder what she did with her day. At least, when they lived in the city he'd been able to do that; varied interests kept her content, although they had no children.

Here in Marwood, a mushroom town hidden behind high walls and barbed wire in the depths of the country, it was different. Rose's boredom and depression became obvious even to him. Rose, on the wrong side of forty, didn't make friends easily, and most of the women at Marwood were younger than she was.

The Professor understood that his wife's tears, and nervousness, and, lately, nagging, were the result of lonely days with nothing to do but think about herself and he tried to bear with her. There seemed nothing he could do. He was ten years older than his wife, and he liked peace and quiet when he came home at night. There was small hope of peace now that he feared that Rose was ill, that she was perhaps on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

He had tried to persuade her to take a long holiday. She seemed afraid of the huge block of buildings whose shadow fell across her home, she was afraid of Marwood and the work that went on there, and he knew it was only by going away that she could see how foolish those fears were. His persuasions were too late. Rose confessed, too, to a fear of travelling and of people.

It was out of the question for him to go with her. He couldn't be spared. And she wouldn't leave him with no one to do his house-keeping. No wonder the Professor shrank from telling her that he not only was unable to get leave but that for some weeks he must work longer hours, leaving her to greater loneliness.

For years Professor Robinson had been a research scientist, never questioning that his work was worth-while. During the past few weeks doubts had crept in. To what end was he working now? To give stupid men more and more powerful weapons of destruction? He knew that wasn't the whole story; he knew that good too must come of the work being done at Marwood. But enthusiasm wanes with the years, and sometimes he felt tired.

A peaceful home would have counteracted his weariness, and it would help him if Rose went for a holiday. He thought it would be pleasant to go home at night to an empty house and spend his precious leisure as he pleased instead of devoting it to her.

Towards the end of the day, when again he lost the thread of an intricate problem because he was thinking of Rose, he came to a sudden momentous decision. At once he felt cheerful. He walked briskly home through the mild autumn evening, turning off before he reached the house to the small laboratory in the garden. When he came out the Capsule was in a tiny box in his pocket. The Capsule. He thought of it, this product of his hobby, with a capital letter, for he had not yet found a name for it.

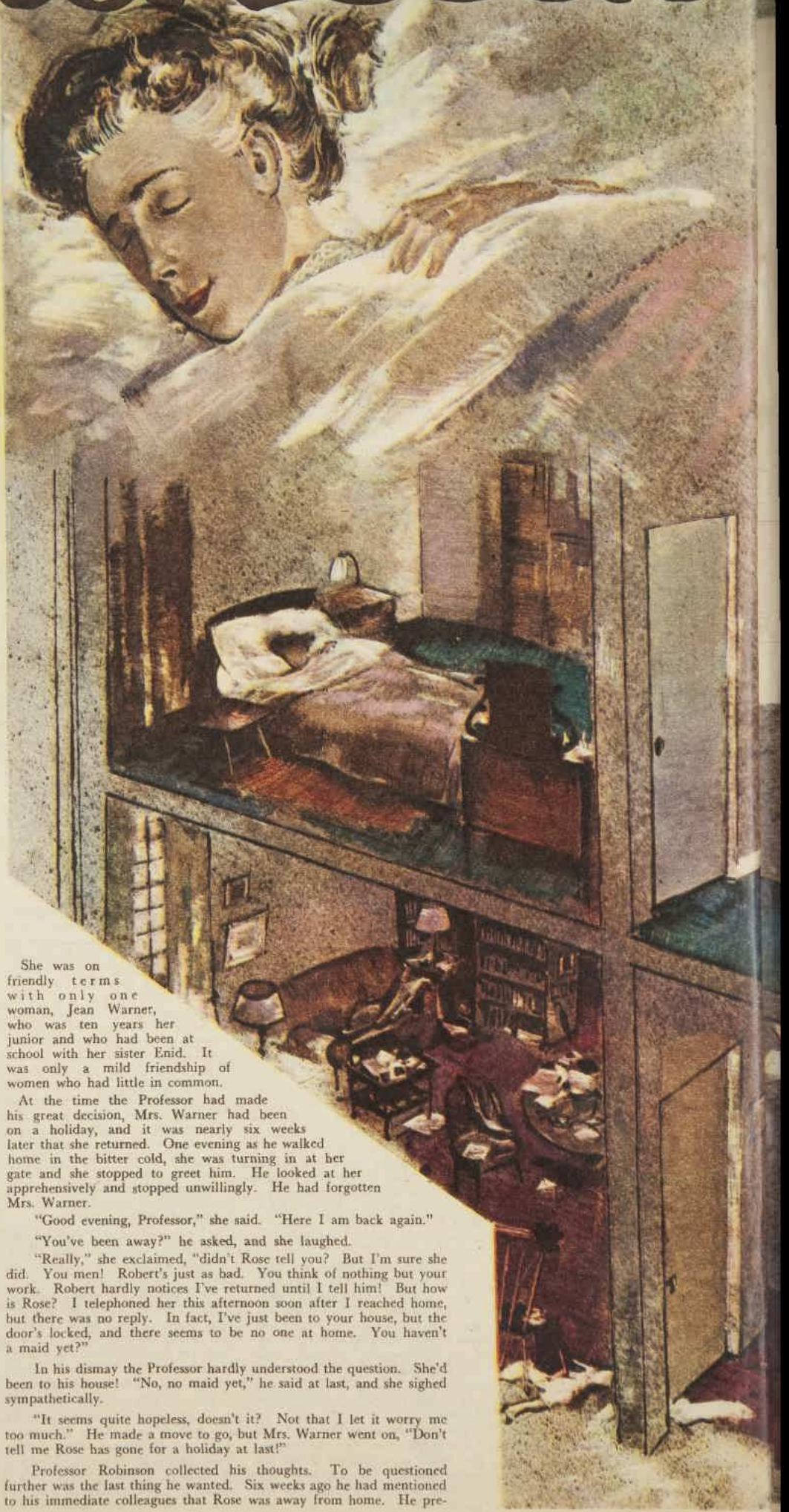
The Capsule. For years his search for it had been an amusing hobby; lately it was more than that. It represented relief for a frightened world. It was his safety valve, his puny defiance of the fantastic piles of concrete and brick that had somehow been raised in quiet country places almost before the common man had had time to realise that at last the atom could be exploited.

By contrast, the formula for the Capsule was so simple. It had taken him years of patient observation and experiment to find it, but its manufacture and use were simple. He was very proud of it. Now that it was a success—he was almost sure of that—the thought of it was pleasant.

Next morning Professor Robinson closed and locked the door of the bedroom he shared with his wife and walked downstairs. He smiled as he entered the kitchen and looked about him. He must cook his own breakfast, but he could eat it in blessed silence. He could read his newspaper in peace.

He felt almost lighthearted when he set out for the plant, although now and again a faint uneasiness crept over him. Suppose anything went wrong? But he had confidence in himself—and in the Capsule. He had made no mistakes. The yellow leaves drifted about his feet as he walked. Autumn. He couldn't have wished for a better time or for better conditions.

The Robinsons had no intimate friends in Marwood. The Professor was on good terms with his colleagues, but that was all. It was an unstable society; its members had an air of being birds of passage, brought together for a purpose that had little to do with ordinary life, and there was no social life except what they made for themselves. To the men this scarcely mattered; they were enthusiasts. For some of the women it was hard, and the round of trivial entertainment necessary to Rose was missing.



She was on friendly terms with only one woman, Jean Warner, who was ten years her junior and who had been at school with her sister Enid. It was only a mild friendship of women who had little in common.

At the time the Professor had made his great decision, Mrs. Warner had been on a holiday, and it was nearly six weeks later that she returned. One evening as he walked home in the bitter cold, she was turning in at her gate and she stopped to greet him. He looked at her apprehensively and stopped unwillingly. He had forgotten Mrs. Warner.

"Good evening, Professor," she said. "Here I am back again."

"You've been away?" he asked, and she laughed.

"Really," she exclaimed, "didn't Rose tell you? But I'm sure she did. You men! Robert's just as bad. You think of nothing but your work. Robert hardly notices I've returned until I tell him! But how is Rose? I telephoned her this afternoon soon after I reached home, but there was no reply. In fact, I've just been to your house, but the door's locked, and there seems to be no one at home. You haven't a maid yet?"

In his dismay the Professor hardly understood the question. She'd been to his house! "No, no maid yet," he said at last, and she sighed sympathetically.

"It seems quite hopeless, doesn't it? Not that I let it worry me too much." He made a move to go, but Mrs. Warner went on, "Don't tell me Rose has gone for a holiday at last!"

Professor Robinson collected his thoughts. To be questioned further was the last thing he wanted. Six weeks ago he had mentioned to his immediate colleagues that Rose was away from home. He pre-



# ESCAPES

by Stella Jones

mined they had given the information to their wives; certainly no one had since shown either interest or curiosity.

"Yes," he said slowly, "Rose—has gone away—for a time."

She was pleased and a little piqued.

"Well! And after I tried so hard to persuade her to come with me! But at least my scolding had some effect! A change was just what she needed, she seemed quite ill and depressed. Now I wonder why she didn't come with me, considering—" but the Professor cut her short.

"I must be going—" he began, but he was interrupted in his turn.

"Where did she go after all?" At the direct question the Professor groaned inwardly. He tried to decide quickly between Rose's brother Bertram in London and her sister Enid in the south. It would have to be one of them; Mrs. Warner knew Rose's dislike of hotels. It had better be Enid.

"She went to her sister," he said, and too late, as he saw her look of astonishment, he remembered that this confounded woman was a friend of Enid's.

"To Enid? But are you sure?" She looked at him oddly, then continued abruptly, "When did she go?"

"About—about six weeks ago."

"Six weeks! Then she certainly didn't go to Enid. And she isn't there now! Didn't you know I've been staying with Enid myself for the past fortnight?" The Professor could only stare at her in dismay.

"Rose knew my plans. That's why I tried to persuade her to come with me. She wouldn't leave you. Enid and I talked of her often, and she said she wished she could persuade Rose to spend a few weeks with her!" She looked at him, waiting for an explanation.

He had to think fast. But he wasn't used to lying and he made a poor job of it.

"But how stupid of me," he managed at last. "I remember now, Rose was to go to Bertram—her brother—first." It was the best he could do, but even as he spoke he wondered if Bertram and Enid corresponded. He blundered on, "She was to put in some weeks with him and his wife, then go on to Enid's—"

"How very strange! Enid can't be expecting her or she'd have told me—"

"No, no, Enid doesn't know—it's to be a surprise visit—"

"Really?" Was her tone sceptical? "Enid won't like that. With three children and no help."

Although she was silent for a moment, the Professor could feel the air uneasy with unspoken questions. At last she selected one. "Rose has written to you, of course?"

"Yes, yes, of course—" he said hastily.

"Oh! Do you know, for a moment I thought Rose might be suffering from amnesia, wandering about the country alone. But if she's written—" she paused, obviously wanting more detail, but none came. "And when does she mean to return?"

The Professor was almost too cold and worried to think.

"I—I shouldn't be surprised to see her home any day—perhaps tomorrow—"

"Indeed! Then she won't have long with Enid. How did she make up her mind to leave you to do for yourself? I've told her hundreds of times that it doesn't hurt any man to be left to himself occasionally. But no, she said she must see to your meals—by the way, how are you managing?"

The Professor was alarmed. The woman might suggest next that she should come to the house to clean it up. He said quickly, "Very well. Quite well. I'm not in need of any help."

"Well, you know you've only to ask me if there's anything I can do—" but with a muttered word of thanks the Professor made his escape at last.

The encounter had been trying. But as he ate his dinner he began to recover and indeed to con-

gratulate himself on getting out of an awkward situation well. He believed Mrs. Warner was satisfied. And, anyway, in a few days it wouldn't matter. Rose must be all right. There was nothing to worry about.

But his relief would have been short-lived if he could have been in Mrs. Warner's home looking over her shoulder as she wrote a letter.

"Dear Enid,

"I had a pleasant trip home—" the letter began, and then went on—

"By the way, I feel I must just give you a hint that Rose might be on her way to you. I'm sure you know nothing of it or you would have told me. I thought I should warn you,

To page 42



As Professor Robinson sipped his drink Bertram said angrily, "Look here, George, I think you're acting very strangely and I find it hard to believe what you say."

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES PHILLIPS



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## Letters from our Readers

### THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IT is hard to understand why so many people are callous to birds. Tell of cruelty to a dog or a cat and everyone is up in arms, but birds seem to have no champions. They are mere targets for boys and New Australians; they are killed for feathers to adorn hats. I dread to see any kind of feathers on hats, although smart trimming can be made from poultry and ostrich feathers. Wings of humming birds, kingfishers, and other beautiful birds are easily identified on millinery. It is sickening to see the miserable creatures in a bird shop, with torn and dirtied feathers, huddled together in tiny cages and left in the dark through long week-ends of dull misery. Birds give color, movement, and music to the countryside. Why are they so shabbily treated?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Dorothy Horton, Toowong, Brisbane.

OFTEN patients in city hospitals come from distant towns and districts. Their parents or other relatives come, too, to be near the invalids. It would be a good idea if city hospitals kept a list of people willing to give board and lodging to these visitors and also to out-patients who must either travel long distances for hospital treatment once or twice a week or pay hotel tariffs. The worry of meeting this heavy expense as well as keeping their homes going as usual does not ease recovery, nor does it ease the load of those who have travelled far to be near their loved ones in hospital. Anyone willing to provide a comfortable temporary home for these people will be very glad he has helped, even if he has also been paid for it.

10/6 to "A Sympathiser" (name supplied), Remuera, New Zealand.

WHEN two people are married it is the custom for the woman to wear a ring on her finger. This brands her forever as a married woman. Why not brand a man in the same way, too? If there is a divorce and the woman wants to forget her past marriage and start again, that ring mark on her finger is always there to remind her, whereas a man is free, whether married or divorced.

10/6 to "Equality" (name supplied), Weston, N.S.W.

HOW few visitors to the sick in hospitals and private homes realise the patient is at their mercy, and how few give consideration to this fact? Often two visitors will start an argument on a current topic across the sick-bed, airing their views and becoming heated, quite forgetting the patient, who is secretly longing for visitors' hour to end, bringing peace and quiet once more.

10/6 to S.O.S. (name supplied), Queenscliff, N.S.W.

WHEN I hear married people say they have never had a quarrel, I am rather sceptical. I think this means one of the partners consistently gives way to the other and acts as a "doormat." My husband and I have been married three years and have had quite a few disagreements in that time, but because we love and respect each other we always make up our quarrel quickly. Our disagreements are becoming fewer with the passing years as we learn to adjust ourselves to the time when we will have none. When this time comes it will be an honorable peace and not the spurious peace of the submission of a stronger to a weaker personality.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Morgan, Kyogle, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for  
the best letter of the  
week as well as 10/6  
for every letter published on this page.

WHY do older people deplore the lack of enterprise in the younger generation and then proceed to pour cold water on any project young people may plan? A friend and I are about to leave Australia for a 12 months' tour of England and Europe. We are earning the money to do this by working at weekends and in the evenings. My friend is told by older people she is silly to give up her job as secretary; I am criticised for breaking up my career for the sake of seeing the world. I am beginning to wonder just what is expected of us.

10/6 to M.F.F. (name supplied), Koon-garra Park, S.A.

### Seats in trams

JOAN SCANLON says when she gives up her seat in a tram to an older woman she does not get even a smile as thanks (The Australian Women's Weekly, 6/4/55). I wonder whether she has ever thought it might be partly her own fault. I have often seen boys and girls give up their seats so grudgingly and unwillingly that the person to whom the seats were given could see plainly their annoyance. No wonder they do not get a smile in return. I am a schoolgirl and I speak from experience. If I give up my seat promptly and readily I almost invariably receive a smile and a word of thanks.

10/6 to "Another Schoolgirl" (name supplied), Bondi, N.S.W.

JOAN SCANLON'S letter is interesting, but what I notice is how selfish are some adults to whom schoolchildren give their tram seat. Why don't all adults offer to hold the child's schoolbag? From personal experience I know it doesn't hurt to offer. Schoolchildren are told often by their teachers to be courteous when travelling. Why don't grown-ups help by being a little more polite to the children?

10/6 to "Indignant" (name supplied), Box Hill E.11, Vic.

## Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

FIVE years ago my husband and I bought a small dairy farm. We worked very hard to make a run-down farm one of which we are becoming quite proud. Money has been very scarce and a holiday is out of the question, for even if we could afford to go there is no one to leave in charge of the farm, and holidaying separately does not appeal to us.

We solved our problem this way. We chose a time when work on the farm was not urgent and for two weeks, keeping all necessary work to a minimum, we played.

With our three small girls we packed picnic baskets and spent happy, lazy days on the banks of our creek. The children had a wonderful time swimming and playing in the sand, while we had a glorious and much needed rest unspoiled by any worry of how things were at home. We felt just as refreshed at the end of our "holiday" as if we had spent the time at a famous holiday resort.

£1/1/- to "Always a Way" (name supplied), Kin Kin, Qld.



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Large Economy (Double Size), 4/11

Medium Size, 3/6

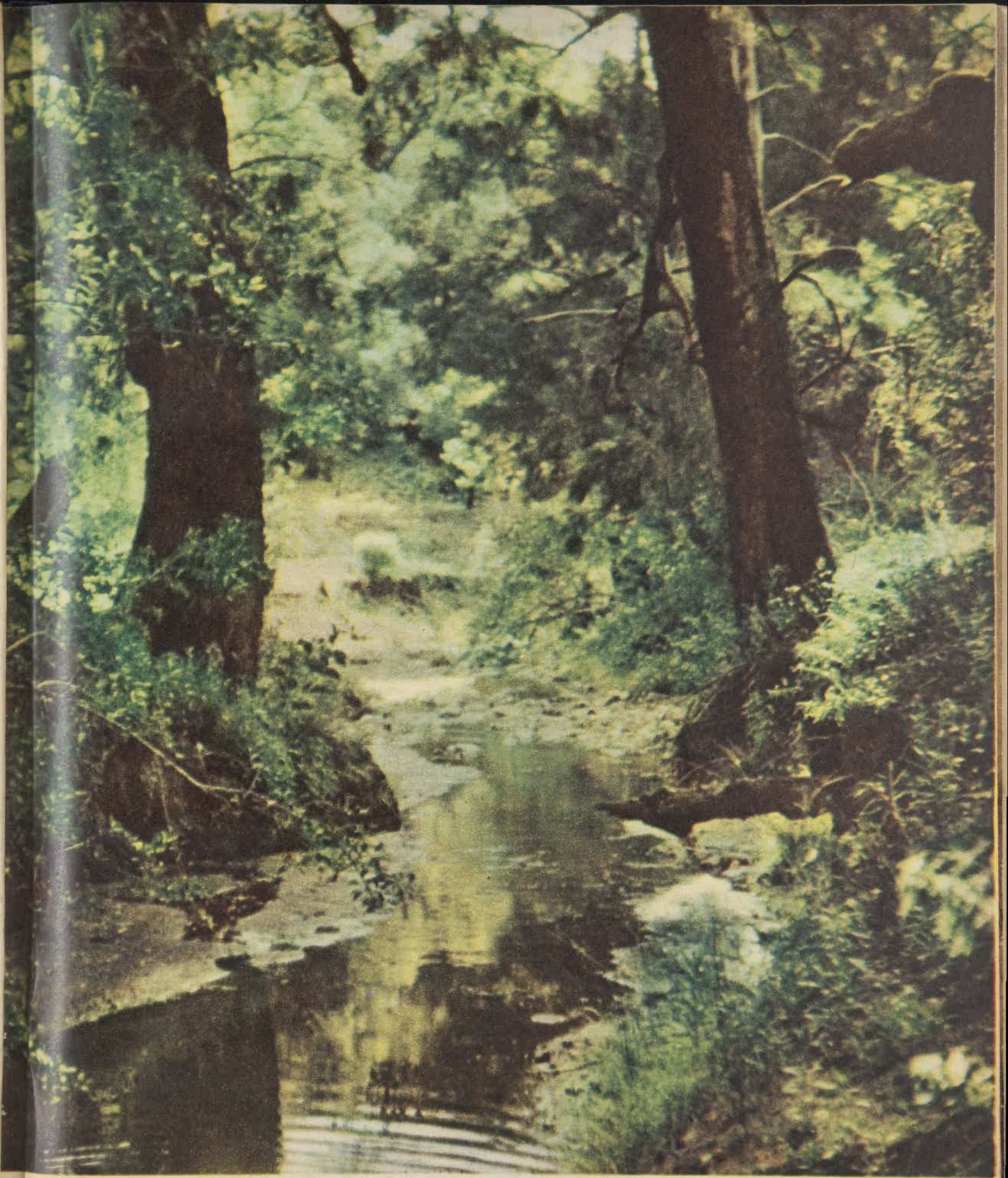
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## **BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA**

*WARRUMBUNGLE CREEK, near Tooraweenah, New South Wales, a few miles from Mt. Exmouth (4028ft.). Water from this creek flows west to join the Castlereagh River near Gulargambone, thence north to the Darling River, finally flowing into the sea in the wide waters of the Murray at Goolwa, S.A. Mrs. P. L. S. Finch, of Naremburn, N.S.W., took the picture.*



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# BEAUTIFUL LATINs



Our Italian mannequins. From left, Lully (sitting on wall), Terry, Eletta, and Marisa.

## Australian trip adventure to four excited mannequins

Four Italian mannequins, to star in our fashion parades in June, will bring Australian women the excitement and vitality of life in Italy translated into high-fashion clothes.

THE mannequins, who arrive at the end of next month by Qantas, are Maria Grazia Mariani, called "Lully," Maria Teresa Pagliani, Eletta Polvani, and Maria Luisa Crespi, whose "little" name is Marisa.

The girls were chosen from the galaxy of models used by the designers who dominate the Italian fashion field.

They were selected as typi-

cally Italian for this important occasion, which will introduce Australian women to the elegance and drama for which Italian clothes are famous.

Our Italian parades will be held in Sydney, Wagga, N.S.W., and Perth in conjunction with David Jones Ltd. In Melbourne we will present them at Myer's; in Brisbane at McWhirter's; and in Adelaide at Charles Birks' store.

Five Australian models will be associated with the Italian girls at our parades, which will set a new Australian standard for dramatic clothes and presentation.

They will show 96 outfits chosen from the Ninth Florence Fashion Show, held in the Pitti Palace.

The Australian mannequins will be chosen shortly from a panel of names nominated by leading Australian stores.

The Italian mannequins will be in Australia for 80 days and are looking forward with excitement to the trip. They sacrificed Continental opportunities to come to Australia for our parades, regarded by them as a singularly high adventure.

The only one of the girls who knows anything of Australia is Lully, who is described as "the intellectual mannequin."

Lully, 23, is a philosophy student. She is interested in art and music and has a friend, an Australian artist, who is living in Rome. From him she has learned a lot about Australia and Australian men

and is most excited to see firsthand the country about which she has heard so much.

She speaks English fluently and will be in great demand as an interpreter by the others, who speak very little English.

While Lully is interested in intellectual things, she says she adores clothes. Although she only started her modelling career comparatively recently, she was Italy's Miss Mannequin of 1954.

She is tall, five feet eight inches, has a 35-inch bust and a 22-inch waist. Her hair and her eyes are velvet-brown.

Eletta Polvani, the smallest of the girls, is the sweet type and has the serenity of an Italian madonna. Only 21, she

### Parades will set a new standard

is black-haired and charming, and the winner of two beauty contests.

At the International Fashion Show held in Germany last year, Eletta represented Italy. She is five feet seven inches tall, has a 36-inch bust and a 23½-inch waist.

Her homework at present is learning to speak English. So far she speaks very little, but she uses it expressively.

Haughty, sphinx-like Marisa Crespi wears clothes magnificently. She has a gift for assuming the personality of clothes, be they sophisticated or simple, immediately she puts them on.

Marisa is 24, five feet eight inches tall, has a 36½-inch

bust and a 21-inch waist. She first entered the high-fashion field as a knitwear designer.

When she modelled her knitwear she was such a success that she was chosen on the spot by Fercioni — a Milan fashion house — to present the first collection of high-fashion clothes to appear on Italian television.

Since then Marisa has modelled for most of the designers in Italy, and has shown Italian clothes in Athens, Germany, and Switzerland.

Famous French designers Fath and Lecomte have recently made her offers, but she refused contracts with them to come to Australia.

Youngest of the mannequins and the only girl of the group without liquid-brown Italian eyes is Maria Teresa Pagliani, who is sometimes called Terry.

Terry's eyes are hazel with brilliant flecks of diamond light and her hair is almost jet black. She is five feet nine inches tall, has a 35-inch bust and a 21-inch waist.

"Luscious" is the only word for Terry, according to experts.

She always wears very heavy doe-eyed make-up and commands attention whenever she appears.

She wears sophisticated clothes with an air, but her sophistication is merely a veneer for a bubbling, youthful vivacity.

Terry represented Italy at the Miss Universe competition held at Long Beach last year and was one of the mannequins who attended the recent Italian Film Festival in London.

Last year she and three other mannequins were chosen by the Fontana sisters of Rome to model a private collection for exiled Queen Maria Jose of Italy.

The collection was shown privately at the Queen's home in Merline, Switzerland.

The Queen's daughter,



MARIA LUISA, called MARISA.



# IN OUR ITALIAN PARADES



ELETTA



LULLY

Princess Maria Pia, chose her wedding gown and trousseau from the collection. Her spectacular wedding early this year to Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, at Cascais, Portugal, was a triumph for Italian fashion houses.

The Australian premiere of our parades will be held at David Jones' Great Restaurant, Sydney, on Saturday night, June 11.

Guests will step from the lifts into a brilliant Italian scene dominated by a reproduction of the Salle Bianca in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

The ancient Pitti Palace was the Florentine home of the Italian Royal Family before the unification of Italy. It is in the spectacular Salle Bianca that all Italian designers gather twice a year to show their collections.

## Gala premiere

ADDING to the gaiety of the scene in the Great Restaurant will be brilliant provincial flags. These unusual flags are the banners of the ancient trade guilds of the provinces of Italy.

Specially imported Italian music, modern neapolitan love songs, and the popular music currently featured in exclusive Roman nightclubs will be played as guests dine.

Italian sherry will be served as the guests arrive.

At 8.00 p.m. guests will be served with a four-course Italian dinner and Italian dinner wines. They will be shown to their tables by ushers wearing traditional Italian costumes.

The first two dinner courses will be served from 8.00 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. At 8.30 p.m. the parade will begin and continue to 9.30 p.m. The first part of the parade ends at this time, and guests will be served the last two dinner courses before the spectacular finale of the parade starts at 10.15 p.m.

Preferential bookings for the gala Australian premiere may be made now by letter. Address your letter to David Jones Ltd., Elizabeth Street, Sydney, and mark the envelope clearly "Italian Fashion Parades."

Tickets are £3/3/- each. This charge covers pre-dinner drinks and dinner wines.

Daily parades at David Jones Ltd., starting on June 15, will follow the gala premiere. They will continue twice daily until June 28, excluding Saturdays.

Tickets for the daily showings may be booked from May 30 at the special booking bureau on the first floor of David Jones' Elizabeth Street store.

Daily showings will be held

at 3.15 p.m. and at 5.45 p.m. Tickets will cost 10/-.

Afternoon tea is included in the 10/- charge for the afternoon sessions, and coffee and sandwiches for the evening shows.

## Other showings

WAGGA parades start on June 13 with a gala performance, and parades will be given the next day. Bookings for all parades may be made at David Jones' Wagga store. Opening date of the booking bureau will be announced later.

Our Italian parades at McWhirter's, Brisbane, start with a gala performance on July 2 and continue with daily showings from July 4 to July 8.

Melbourne parades will open at the Myer Emporium with a gala night on July 16 and daily parades from July 18 to July 28. A special Saturday-morning parade for business girls will be given on July 23.

In Adelaide a gala evening will start the parades on July 30 and daily parades will be given from August 1 to August 9.

David Jones Ltd., Perth, begin their parades with a gala on August 13 and continue with daily parades from August 15 to August 19.



TERRY



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One made specially for your type of hair



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Here is your *Toni* if you've hair that is neither too fine nor too strong. It gives the same natural lasting perm which has made *Toni* the favourite perm of most women.



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FOR HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR

If your hair is inclined to rebel against a perm, you'll find *Toni* Super quite perfect. It has been made specially for your type and for those who want a tighter curl.



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FOR EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

Choose Gentle *Toni* if your hair waves easily, or if it is bleached, dyed or tinted. This is also your choice if you prefer a looser wave or if your hair has some natural curl.



12'6" EACH

Extra blessings with new *Toni* Trio  
**EASIER!** SELF-TIMING—NO NEED FOR CHECK CURLS!  
**FASTER!** 15-MINUTE WAVING LOTION FOR EVERY TYPE OF HAIR!

Give Mother a shampoo  
that's a beauty treatment  
for her hair!

WHITE RAIN



5'6"

One's a **NATURAL** for Mother! Give *Toni* for Mother's Day May 8



# The Sleeping Prince

AS the first play of their Australian season, noted British actor Sir Ralph Richardson and his wife, Meriel Forbes, have chosen the comedy "The Sleeping Prince," by brilliant English playwright Terence Rattigan. The season opened in Perth on April 9 and will be continued in other States.

Sir Lewis Casson and his wife, Dame Sybil Thorndike, are playing other leading roles during the season, in which another Rattigan play, "Separate Tables," will also be performed. Terence Rattigan has come to Australia for the performances, and never misses a rehearsal.

The scene of "The Sleeping Prince" is set in the Carpathian Legation in London, where Nicholas, the boy king of Carpathia, has arrived to attend the 1911 Coronation festivities. In the king's entourage are the Regent, the Grand Duke Charles (played by Sir Ralph Richardson), and his wife, the Grand Duchess (Dame Sybil Thorndike).

The dignity of the Legation is disturbed when the Regent becomes involved romantically with a pretty young American actress, Elaine Dagenham (played by Meriel Forbes).



ABOVE: The Regent, the Grand Duke Charles (Sir Ralph Richardson), entertains the young actress Elaine Dagenham (Meriel Forbes) and finds to his annoyance that she is alarmingly romantic.

LEFT: The Grand Duchess (Dame Sybil Thorndike), shown in background, insists that the Regent present Miss Dagenham with an Order. At left is Baroness Brunheim (Lily Moore).

BELOW: The persevering Miss Dagenham finally wins her Sleeping Prince, who is the Grand Duke, to the consternation of his A.D.C., the Hon Peter Northbrook (Sir Lewis Casson).



NICHOLAS, THE BOY KING (Frederick Gibson), "woos" his future bride, the young Princess Louisa of Styria (played by Jane Casson).



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C197



# MODERN AND ANTIQUE TABLE SETTINGS

● The seven attractive tables shown on these pages were among the 21 on display at a recent Sydney exhibition of modern and antique table settings.

The display, arranged by the Kuring-gai Karitane Child Welfare Association to raise funds for a mobile clinic, attracted hundreds of visitors.

Four of the tables, including a card-table, an old English tavern setting, complete with pewter and typical foods that were served two centuries ago, an early 18th-century tea table, and a modern barbecue bar, were arranged by men. Mr. Stanley Lipcombe's tea table and Mr. Byram Mansell's barbecue

setting are illustrated on the opposite page.

The Chinese dinner table arranged by Mrs. S. H. Sih, wife of the Consul-General for China, is featured on page 73 together with some recipes for typical Chinese dishes.

A children's party table charmingly arranged by Mrs. John Goodwin will be featured in next week's issue, together with a suggested party menu and recipes from Leila C. Howard, our Food and Cookery Expert.

Other attractive settings from the exhibition will be published at a later date—Eve Gye.



**DINNER TABLE** arranged by Miss R. Rahman, daughter of the High Commissioner for Pakistan. Following a Pakistan custom, colored rice is used as a decorative theme around the central motif of flowers and tall silver candlesticks holding shortened red and green candles. The white serviettes are skilfully folded in delicate colorings. The lamp on the side table is made of camel skin, hand-painted in delicate colorings.



**SWEDISH KRAFT** supper table arranged by Mrs. I. Stenstrom, wife of the Consul for Sweden, is typical of the traditional feast tables in every Swedish home during August and September, when the "Krafter" (crayfish) abound in the waters around Sweden.





**INFORMAL** American luncheon setting (left) by Mrs. M. A. Macgregor. An intriguing touch is given by the centrepiece—a set of silver scales balancing miniature jars of yellow daisies. The oval place-mats, resembling fine crochet, are woven with a silver thread.

**BRIDAL TABLE** (right) arranged by Mrs. Tony Inglis features an organdie cloth over which is thrown a wedding veil of fine Belgian lace. The wedding cake is flanked by silver candelabra. Usually the table is set on a dais or placed in a corner with room for the bridal couple to sit or to stand behind it.



**AFTERNOON-TEA TABLE** (above) after the manner of those set in English drawing-rooms about 150 years ago. A French lace runner covers the Georgian mahogany table. The Swansea tea-set has a mazarine-blue ground adorned with flowers in a landscape painstakingly painted in rich enamel colors and gilded. An old candle lustre and an exquisite fan complete the ensemble, which was arranged by Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.



**MODERN LUNCHEON SETTING.** Mrs. H. A. Sweetapple, who arranged this colorful setting, struck an international flavor in the choice of her appointments. The place-mats and green glasses came from Finland, the green red-lined ovenware dishes and the cutlery came from Denmark, and the ivy-crested plates from England. The fruit bowl was made in Austria. Extra interest is given by the bamboo condiments set.



**BYRAM MANSELL**, well known for his aboriginal art, achieved a dramatic effect in his barbecue setting. He made the tables from cypress pine and mulga wood. The striking charcoal-and-ash-white pottery was moulded, decorated, and fired in a kiln at his home. The pottery decoration, Mr. Mansell says, simulates the leaf and twig of local flora and is influenced by aboriginal art. His picture on the wall is called "Night."



# Worth Reporting

THE 23 finalists in the Peter Mitchell Will Quest, who gathered in Sydney for the final judging earlier this year, have decided to form a club.

The purpose of the club is to sustain friendships formed between each year's finalists from every State in Australia.

Several members of our staff were flattered to receive invitations to become honorary members.

Proposed name of the club is the Peter Mitchell Club, and all finalists in the Quest will be eligible for membership.

From the club's first secretary - treasurer, Tasmanian nurse Linley Barnett, we received a copy of the minutes of the inaugural meeting held in Sydney, listing some of the club's aims and rules.

Each year's Quest winner will become president of the club for that year, and an honorary secretary - treasurer will be elected annually.

Each member will be required to write a short, personal newsletter to the club secretary each year.

Club members in each State will farewell and encourage all future candidates from their own State, and Sydney and New South Wales members will help The Australian Women's Weekly to entertain them in Sydney.



"But there must be some mistake. I don't have that much money."

AUSTRALIAN dancer and choreographer George Carden, who was last in this country to arrange the dances for "Call Me Madam," has set a success record overseas.

With two of his productions running in two leading Paris nightclubs, "Eve" and "Le Nouveau Reve," he has also pulled off a hat-trick in London.

At the Prince of Wales Theatre his dances are a feature of the present "Folies Bergeres." At the Victoria Palace they are part of the mad "Crazy Gang" show, while at the famous Palladium his own George Carden Dancers are starred.

## She's given up sleuthing

WOMEN police need tact and humor as well as a sense of adventure, according to Grace Hopkins, who recently retired from the N.S.W. Police Force to marry a Sydney engineer.

Blond, blue-eyed Miss Hopkins, who was on the stage before she became a police-woman, has served with almost every section of the Force.

She was connected with several famous cases, including the "pyjama girl" murder.

"I'll never forget the time I was shadowing a suspect and took along an extra coat and a pair of shoes so as to be less conspicuous," she said.

"I took them out of the basket and put them on quickly, then followed the suspect on to a tram. Imagine my feelings when I looked down and found I was wearing one tan and one black shoe."

One of Miss Hopkins' most prized possessions is a wristlet watch given to her by a group of delinquent girls she once had to arrest.

"Women police like to help women and children," she said.

"There is many a nappie washed in a police station, you know."

"Incidentally, women police have to have a pretty high standard of qualifications to get into the Force. There are fully trained nursing sisters, teachers, and highly competent secretaries among them."

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## Help for disease victims

A SOCIETY formed recently in Melbourne will help sufferers from haemophilia — an hereditary blood complaint which can lead to fatal internal haemorrhaging.

Mr. Neville Acklom, who is one of the founders of the society, said the immediate aim was to assist the Baker Institute of Research in making a comprehensive survey of the disease in Victoria.

The society had already begun collecting and distributing helpful information on home treatment of haemorrhages.

"If we find the number of haemophiliacs in Victoria warrants it, we will go ahead with the building of a centre for them," said Mr. Gordon Parsons, who with his wife and her brother, Mr. Claude Moule, was prime mover of the organisation.

"The centre would include a primary school for haemophiliac children.

"A craft club within the centre for both children and adults would provide handicrafts and hobbies which entailed the minimum physical effort, yet provided plenty of mental occupation," Mr. Parsons added.

## BOOK NEWS

By Helen Frisell

THERE are three kinds of books written about childhood—the "how-I-made-good" saga, the "they-never-understood-me" lament, and the "childhood-remembered - in - tranquillity" truth.

Bernard Hesling, a writer and artist, after a long residence in Australia, has turned back time to look at himself "Little and Orphan," as a small boy in Stanley Street, Bramfield, Yorkshire, England, The World.

The book belongs in category three—which, with the author's gifts of accurate observation and exaggeration, may be rated first-class.

Hanson (the teller of the story) is one of a clannish family. He has a brother, Holroyd, who migrates to Australia and returns during

World War I to astonish Stanley Street with his slouch hat, emu feathers, and uniform of the A.I.F.

Holroyd, back on his native heath, "was all for humping his bluey in the 'great outdoors' ... and boiling a billy whenever he wanted."

Mr. Hesling's affectionate humor brings the people of Bramfield to life. The reader is not likely to forget Spil, the schoolboy, who hid in the teacher's desk, and mother, who was compressed "by a pallid of stays which likened her more than anything to an expensive Christmas cracker."

By the end of the book, the author is setting off for Australia (because the voyage cost only £16).

Published by Constable.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD







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Foot Comfort Stockings, with soft, absorbent Nylas undersoles.

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Twelves, 12 denier nylon ultra sheers, extravagantly lovely stockings, giving the utmost in fashion ..... 21/-



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Cocktail, 15 denier nylon ultra sheers, with the eye-catching picture frame heel for extra fashion interest, 21/-



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Authentic, 45 denier nylon service sheers, adaptable, long-wearing, attractive in appearance and economical ..... 12/11



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Service Weight Foot Comfort Stockings.

- Wonderfoot, 60 denier nylon, with lisle welt and undersole ..... 13/3
- Lastige, all-Nylas stretch-fit for outstanding wear ..... 25/-



\* These stockings are available in the new **Prestige** single-pair wallet.



# Princess Anne

● Pictures on these pages show the striking likeness between the Queen and Princess Anne, but the really striking fact is that the resemblance goes much deeper than the evidence of the photographs. Anne is the young Elizabeth, full of quicksilver merriment, serious at the salute, poised but shy.



ANNE at three is serious for a moment, but she is very like the picture of her mother (at right). Anne is posing in a cream lace frock and sash for her first formal portrait.

PRINCESS ANNE'S personality is so like her mother's at the same age that friends can easily transport themselves back to 1930 and the "palace with a number," 145 Piccadilly, where the Queen spent her childhood.

One merry, busy little girl was then a "tonic" for her grandfather; today the other is a solace for her grandmother. One little girl liked playing cowboys and Indians; the other likes climbing a statue of Prince Albert in the hall at Balmoral Castle.

One little girl spent hours folding up bits of colored ribbon; the other will keep the whole family waiting while she meticulously folds up her handkerchief. One little girl said, "Behave yourself!" to her sister; the other says, "Don't be silly!" to her brother.

The mother hated water and loved horses and so does the daughter. The mother was determined and self-reliant; so is the daughter. Even their mannerisms are alike.

Lady Cynthia Asquith, who knew the Queen as a girl, says her face was "merry and enterprising, bubbling with contagious good spirits," and that she talked by "flinging her arms about, small expressive palms upward." Her total impression, 24 years ago, was of a "little quicksilver thing."

Anne has the same merry, enterprising face. She is gay, quick, and breathlessly active. When she gets excited she hops from one foot to the other; a childhood habit that friends point out her mother, the Queen, has retained to this day.

Not long ago I went to Buckingham Palace on business. I was early for my appointment, so I was asked to wait in the red-and-gold Chinese drawing-room overlooking the courtyard and the entrance used by the Royal Family.

Suddenly the oppressive, carpeted quiet was punctured by the sound of a car door slamming, followed instantly

green coat and bouncing blond curls. It stopped abruptly in the presence of a stranger, then turned and rushed out again.

If ever I saw a piece of human quicksilver it was that morning.

Anne seems to combine, in almost identical proportions, the qualities of dignity, social consciousness, shyness, and childish exuberance that characterised her mother at the same age.

One family friend remembers that when the Queen was a little girl of four she was already the perfect lady, in spite of her high spirits. "At tea she would pass cakes and cups like a thoroughly accomplished hostess," she recalls.

At her fourth birthday party at Balmoral Castle in August, Anne cut her cake herself and passed it politely to her family and a few friends. She probably would have preferred the picnic that had to be cancelled because of rain. For just as her mother would have elected to play Indians in the garden instead of hostess in the drawing-room, Anne would rather climb trees than pass cake.

The Queen spent her fourth birthday at Windsor Castle. It was a holiday week-end and crowds of citizens with spring fever had gathered around the old castle hoping to catch a glimpse of the Royal Family. After she had solemnly reviewed a troop of guardsmen in the courtyard, she ran laughing to the great Norman gate to wave at the people and blow kisses. She took the salute very seriously then.

One morning at Windsor she was listening to the band when an officer approached, saluted, and asked: "Have we your Royal Highness' permission to dismiss?" With mili-

tary precision the little Princess Elizabeth returned the greeting and replied: "Yes, please." Then she asked her nurse: "Did I do it properly?"

Princess Anne is also salute-conscious at four. "Girls don't salute," Charles said to her recently when she raised her fingers to her forehead during a ceremony in front of the palace. "This girl does," Anne replied, keeping her hand up.

She is obviously now aware of its solemn importance. But, just like her mother, when the ceremonial is over she wants to greet the spectators. She waves to everyone she sees, even if she is driving on a country road where nobody recognises her.

When the Royal train stops at Aberdeen on its way to Ballater for the August holiday, she races up and down the coach waving at each window in turn.

A powerful nursery threat

is to tell her she can't see the people if she misbehaves. At this stage in her life she thinks all little girls are greeted by cheers whenever they go out.

Anne seems to be conscious that she must smile and wave, but she does it with such obvious enjoyment that she usually steals the Royal show, much as her mother did at the same age. But, again like her mother, she never behaves badly in public.

She is already developing the Royal gift for remembering faces and showing the proper concern for the activities of important people.

In May, at the home-coming ceremony for the Queen and the Duke after their Commonwealth tour, Anne wanted to know how Sir Winston Churchill came to be with the welcoming party on Westminster pier when he had so recently been aboard the Royal yacht, Britannia.

This trait in her mother once proved very embarrassing for Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald. "I saw your picture today in Punch," she said. "But then you were a gander leading ducks." Mr. MacDonald smiled wanly.

Anne is somewhat shy with strangers and, like her mother, she is not likely to initiate a conversation. "Say 'how do you do,'" Charles commanded recently when they got into an elevator. Charles is perfectly composed and speaks without self-consciousness to everyone he meets. "Now say 'thank you,'" he commanded again when they got out of the elevator.

When Anne was younger Charles gallantly took over the amenities for her. After shaking hands and greeting a stranger he would introduce



TOP: Princess Anne, and (underneath) the Queen at about the same age.



PRINCESS ANNE photographed for her fourth birthday in a frilly frock, like the one her mother is wearing (right) when she, too, was four. Anne now wears the coral-and-pearl necklet which appears in most of her mother's early childhood portraits.



SUCH A JOKE! The Queen (right) and her daughter have the same bright infectious smile.



# ... she's just like her mother



PRINCESS ANNE (left) at the age of one month showed an astonishing likeness to a picture of the Queen taken at the same age, though the Queen had more hair than her daughter. To help the likeness the babies are lying on identical lace pillows, possibly the same pillow kept since her mother was a baby.

her: "This is my sister, Anne." When he felt she should be developing her own sense of social responsibility, he would nudge her smartly after the introduction and order, "Now say 'How do you do.'"

Anne usually announces, "I'm Anne," and would be content to leave it there if Charles would let her.

She is by no means under her brother's domination. "I can do it better myself," she often tells him when he tries to help her, revealing that she has inherited her mother's self-reliance. She dresses herself, with maddeningly slow independence, and in some things she is as painfully neat as her mother used to be.

The former Royal governess, Marion Crawford, says that the Queen used to stack her candies into neat piles and meticulously fold up every bit of colored ribbon that came her way. In October, when the Royal Family bade goodbye to the Queen Mother before her trip to Canada and the United States, Anne waved her handkerchief wildly at the departing train.

Then for a full minute, while the rest of the family waited, she carefully rearranged it into its exact folds and put it back in her pocket. Toward the end of this ritual Charles got so impatient that he rushed forward and dragged her away by the arm.

Anne is plainly pleased with her independence and

beginning to realise that it can be carried to indefinite lengths. Recently her nurse explained that her bed on the Royal train was curved at the edge to prevent her from falling out. "But I could if I really wanted to, couldn't I?" she asked.

Last May, the first thing she said to her grandmother when she returned with her parents from Gibraltar, where she had seen the famous Barbary apes, was, "I fed the monkeys all by myself."

When the Queen was reunited with her daughter at Tobruk, after the Commonwealth tour which had parted them for six months, one of the first things she noticed was Anne's changed attitude to water. As a baby Anne hated water so much that she would cry when taken near the artificial lake in the Palace grounds and later, when she learned to walk, she flatly refused to go near the sea. She howled whenever her face or hair was washed.

On board the Royal yacht Britannia last spring, Anne forgot her fears because the sailors introduced her to the water game. She was allowed to turn on the hydrant while Charles splashed in its stream, then together they helped the men swab the decks.

Now Anne has taken to jumping in puddles, and last summer in Scotland her mother carried extra shoes and socks when the family went walking.

To each other Anne and

Charles are loyal and loving, rushing to help or defend in any emergency. This summer, when Anne went to Craithie Church for the first time, Charles, an old hand, leaned over his mother to smile encouragingly at her during the hymn singing. Recently when she fell at dancing class he rushed across the room to pick her up. "I'm always having trouble with you," he said, setting her back on her feet.

Anne used to copy her brother in everything. When he shouldered his toy gun or his fishing-rod, "like papa," she took hers, too. When he rode his tricycle, she rode hers. When he turned it upside down to examine the mechanism, she did the same thing. When he drove his new model car she drove his old one.

Lately, however, she has become more interested in

dolls, housekeeping, and other ladylike pursuits.

In New York last autumn the Queen Mother bought her a toy oven and some baking-dishes.

The Queen Mother adores her grandchildren with the traditional fervor of grandmothers. When someone in Australia asked the Queen if she missed her children, she replied, "More than they miss us, I'm afraid. You see, they have a doting grandmother."

Indeed, they have probably been the Queen Mother's greatest support in bridging the difficult gap from wife to widow. In Anne she sees a reflection of her daughter and she must often be reminded of the bond that united Princess Elizabeth to her "Grandpa England," King George V. During his last illness the Royal physicians advised that she be sent to stay with him at Bognor as a "tonic."



ABOVE: The Queen as a small girl at a military parade. Left: Princess Anne with Prince Charles and the Queen Mother when the children left to meet their parents in Tobruk last year. Below: Anne is determined to catch up with official party when the Royal Family returned to London.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. The striking resemblance of Anne and her mother is seen clearly in this picture of the two in a car.



## Portrait of Queen

● The portrait of the Queen by Signor Annigoni, said to be the loveliest yet painted, will appear on our cover next week. The Queen was 29 on April 21.



Live happily,  
beautifully  
— in jersey!

It's a moot point whether wool jersey returned to fashion  
— or fashion returned to wool jersey — but it's here  
and we're glad.

Nothing drapes quite as gracefully as  
**Janilaine** Jersey.

Nothing hangs so slimly (a ten yard skirt falls like a slender column).

It's one of the most feminine fabrics ever woven, adding  
warmth, softness, lightness, and crease-resistance to its many other charms.

Here's the dress that won the Wool Board Fashion Award, styled by Leroy with the belted middy look (an adaption of Dior's H-line). And note the added distinction. A braided neckline, lavishly encrusted with rhinestones. Available in fourteen mist and jewel colours. XSSW to W. £9/19/6.

Below. Wonder-wearing Janilaine jersey with a mitred cording bodice to give a handspan-waist illusion. XSSW to SOS, in fourteen mist and jewel colours. Price 10 Gns.



Janilaine Jersey separates too! All colour-blended to exactly match the colours in your Leroy tweed skirts, jackets, top coats. See them in fourteen wonderful colours, choose from the many dramatic styles, wear them all-round-the-clock. All one price, £3/19/6.

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If you accidentally tear or burn a hole in your Leroy Janilaine dress (within 6 months of purchase), Janilaine will repair it free of charge. Just send the dress—with return postage fee in money order or stamps—to JANILAINE JERSEY, 40 CAMPBELL STREET, SYDNEY.

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**Leroy**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 27, 1955





SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN arriving at No. 10 Downing Street for the brilliant last banquet given there by Sir Winston and Lady Churchill.

## The Edens at No. 10

Home-loving Lady Eden, by inspecting No. 10 Downing Street to see where some of the Eden treasures might be placed, actually "gave the show away" on the approximate time of Sir Winston Churchill's resignation as the Prime Minister.

THE political eyes and ears of the world had been alerted for months for some clue to the date.

From the day Lady Eden went to No. 10 and lingered in the state and private rooms on a detailed inspection, opinion as to the possible date hardened.

Although No. 10 Downing Street is well known to Clarissa Eden, formerly Clarissa Spencer Churchill, niece of Sir Winston, the problem was to find places for the Edens' personal possessions among the beautiful furnishings of the official residence of Britain's Prime Ministers.

Lady Eden, whose marriage to Sir Anthony took place from No. 10 Downing Street in 1952, had created a perfect home and background for her husband, Britain's No. 1 diplomat, at Carlton Gardens.

Her womanly anxiety to see that the move was made without a hitch was rewarded, and the youngest hostess to occupy No. 10 moved in with a minimum of fuss and bother.

The famous residence was quiet and dust sheeted when Lady Eden moved her books and elegant Regency settee, her Chinese lamps and Aubusson tapestries.

Sir Anthony's magnificent Chippendale bookcases and enormous mahogany desk were left behind in the pine-paneled walls of his office at Carlton Gardens and only the small, easily handled pieces of furniture were brought across.

Both Sir Anthony and Lady Eden are collectors with a love of antiques, and No. 1 Carlton Gardens was a treasure house of rare and beautiful pieces of furniture, much of which has been in the

By ANNE MATHESON,  
of our London staff

Eden family for generations.

The furnishings of No. 10 are in the rich traditions of the 18th century. Pieces by Chippendale, Kent, and all the famous furniture makers

and designers of that period have been acquired over the years to fill the gold-and-white state rooms.

But the more intimate personal rooms lend themselves to refurbishing in the taste of each Prime Minister and his wife.

While Lady Eden busied

herself settling in, her black poodle, Vicky, ran excitedly around, sniffing and exploring.

Although more than 35 years separate them in age, Lady Churchill and Lady Eden have much in common. As the wife of Britain's Foreign Secretary and hostess to visiting diplomats, Lady Eden had had the guidance of her aunt.

Lady Churchill's serene charm, witty conversation, and remarkably cool acceptance of all the hazards of life with a politician have set a high standard.

The farewell dinner-party, over which Sir Winston and Lady Churchill presided, the last occasion at which the Edens were guests at No. 10, will go down in history, and surely a few lines of that history will be devoted to gracious Lady Churchill, who was also retiring — as Britain's premier hostess.

Although politics are in her blood, the young Miss Clarissa Churchill lived the life of an English girl of intellectual pursuits.

Her family has, of course, been an immense help to her.

And if Lady Eden has helped her husband by creating a perfect background for him, he also has helped her to overcome this shyness.

As a young man — among ranks of elder statesmen he was Britain's youngest Foreign Secretary — he too had known shyness, and his sympathy and understanding have helped his wife.

There is little trace of this shyness now.

Probably Sir Anthony will never again have to ask her to turn back and pose for photographers as he has done in the past, when, with head down, she has hurried past.

She no longer hides her green-grey eyes behind dark glasses, but she still shows that certain reserve, which also is in Lady Churchill's pattern, in refusing to be interviewed.



FAREWELL. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill at the door of No. 10 Downing Street after they had farewelled the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who attended the dinner-party they gave on the eve of Sir Winston's resignation.

## In these three hours your skin "dies" a little

In the 1 to 3 hour "danger periods" immediately after you wash your face, troublesome skin problems are apt to get their start, say dermatologists. Your skin is left "unbalanced", open to troubles such as dryness — cracking — enlarged pores.

After each washing — "rebalance" your skin . . .

In the 1 to 3 hour period it takes Nature to "rebalance" your skin after washing, even more distressing skin troubles can take hold. Tiny dry lines deepen. Inside moisture evaporates away.

Should you avoid washing your face?

"Of course not", say skin specialists. "But after each washing, 'rebalance' your skin instantly . . ."

A quick Pond's Cold Creaming right after washing "rebalances" your skin within 1 minute — at

least 60 times faster than Nature. It restores skin elasticity, combats dryness and flaking. Keeps skin texture fine and smooth.

Every night at bedtime — a deep clearing and firm-up

Besides quick "rebalancing" after each washing, most skins need a thorough cleansing each night. A deep Pond's Creaming dislodges stubborn dirt, keeps your skin looking fresh, young, vibrant. Begin this complete skin care with Pond's Cold Cream today. Very soon your friends will be telling you — "Your skin is looking wonderful these days".



Antonia Drexel Earle

"The instant I finish washing my face, I reach for my Pond's Cold Cream."

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HOLIDAY. Queensland South Coast at "Newcastle Flats," Currumbin Beach. Unexcelled situation on beach front, delightful climate, home from home, each flat is entirely self-contained, inner-spring mattresses, fridge, hot water, bathroom with set-in enamel bath and basin, septic 4 miles Coolangatta.

### CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS

By Maureen Connolly

Photographs illustrate Miss Connolly's action shots, carefully and clearly explained in the text. Study of the pictures and practice of her instructions must improve every tennis player's game.

Price, 9/6. From all Booksellers.



**4** wonderful ways  
to make Mother's outlook bright  
with warm winter days  
and snug, cosy

*Slipper boots*



# Knights



*Amanda*

Leather sole — also in "Knightfoam" rubber and 3 different check patterns.

Make sure she has a warm winter with a pair of these Knight slipper-boots. She'll love their warm-as-toast lambswool linings (genuine lambswool) and the wonderful way the booties zip up as a boot and zip down as a slipper. With winter on the way, they're the cosiest, most considerate gift you could give Mother. Prices are considerate, too, they start at a low 29/11. (Treat yourself to a pair at the same time!)



*Cuddles*

Bootee-slipper lined with lambswool, "Knightfoam" rubber soles. Velvet-soft suede in wine, royal, black and tan.

*Mother's Day is the second Sunday in May.*



*Rosanna*  
(IN NORZON)

Genuine brushed wool lining with flexible platform leather sole. Cherry red, tan and black.

*Ba Ba*  
(IN SUEDE)

The same beautiful boot as "Rosanna" only in suede. Wine, royal, tan.



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RAJAH, the lion, keeps his mistress, Mrs. Halana Farrar, company when she does the ironing for the family.



## Lion is a playful household pet

"A house is not a home without a lion," says attractive, Australian-born Mrs. Halana Farrar, whose household pet is 200lb. of lion named Rajah.

AS Mrs. Farrar washes the dishes in her home at Southport, England, Rajah, with paws as big as tea plates, pads silently round the kitchen, giving her an occasional playful push which nearly knocks her sideways.

Rajah, who is 14 months old, stands six feet on his hind legs.

"But I don't encourage him to stand up to me," says Mrs. Farrar, who has house-trained two lions before Rajah.

"The only time I was attacked was when my second lion wanted a shopping basket which I wouldn't give him. He kept tearing them up and it got too expensive. He stood up to me and sank his teeth into my arm, right to the bone."

"I was quite surprised, but I soon pushed him down and made him behave."

Mrs. Farrar, whose husband is an auctioneer, has always yearned for wild animals. When she was 15 she was allowed to hold a lion cub in a circus in Holland.

"I've never been the same since," she confessed. "It left me with a permanent kink."

She was not able to satisfy her longing until three years ago, when her husband, Frank, who remembered the zoo his father had many years ago, started collecting strange pets.

"There were monkeys in the greenhouse, llama in the garage, and deer in the summerhouse," explained Mrs. Farrar. "There was nothing for it, we had to get a zoo of our own, if only to accommodate our pets. So began our hobby—a model zoo."

When the new animals arrived, they were fussed over by the Farrars, their two daughters and son. The leopards were kept house-bound for a few days, but

when the first lion cub arrived—the size of a Pekinese—Mrs. Farrar was lost.

"It was love at first sight for us both," she said. "We spent a glorious year, getting to know one another, but my husband wanted her for the zoo, and in any case she was so strong that I couldn't hold her lead."

To replace her, another cub was bought. This one was weak—he had a nervous disorder and the vet. said he couldn't live long.

"I nursed him for 14 months—he was more faithful than any dog—then he died."

By JUNE JOHNS

in my arms," said Mrs. Farrar. "I wept for three days. I was so fond of him."

That was last Christmas. Now she has Rajah to console her.

Rajah's worst habit is scratching.

"He sharpens his claws on the carpet (such an expensive habit," she sighed), and loves running his inch-long claws up nylon stockings."

"I always keep a bottle of peroxide handy to dab on my wounds," Mrs. Farrar said, showing me numerous small scars on her arms. "Not many guests will go into the morning-room, where Rajah lives. I can't understand why."

I can. He pinned me and my fur coat against the wall for five minutes before Mrs. Farrar succeeded in persuading him I was not for dinner.

Although he eats seven pounds of raw meat a day, as well as two pints of baby milk, Rajah is the world's best pet, she says.

"Lions are far more intelligent than dogs or cats," claims Mrs. Farrar. "I can house-train them in two days so that they are completely clean,

and they teach themselves the cutest tricks.

"If I hide anything of Rajah's in a cupboard, he pats the door gently until the vibrations spring it open. And if I settle in an armchair and he doesn't want me to get up, he plants himself across my feet and refuses to move until he is ready."

Almost any day passers-by in the select suburb where the Farrars live stop to stare at the tawny lion bounding across the lawn or sunning himself like his relations in Trafalgar Square.

The postmen almost break their necks getting out of the grounds, although the garden gate is always closed when Rajah is at large.

Some delivery men will not call at all, but for the benefit of strangers who believe closed gates can be opened, a sign is to be put up, warning, "Beware of the Lion."

"I can't think why people should be afraid of lions," said Mrs. Farrar. "Unlike leopards, they always warn you when they intend to attack. Their eyes, usually golden, turn green, like traffic lights, and their growls change tone."

From a practical point of view, Rajah, as a wild lion, would be valued at about £100, but as a house-trained pet he is worth at least double. For his keep—and it costs £3/10/- a week to feed him—he is a 100 per cent. guarantee against burglary.

"He doesn't like strangers," explained Mrs. Farrar—rather unnecessarily, I thought. "And although he goes to sleep in his corner when I put the lights out, he is alert to any strange sound. When he roars the whole house vibrates."

But Rajah doesn't often roar. Most times he is content to make sounds like a cat would if it swallowed a megaphone. And, like a cat, he spends his evenings on the hearth rug—he needs the whole of it—his paws on the fender, gazing soulfully into the flames the color of his eyes.

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57/6

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### FAMOUS LAST WORDS



*Hi ya', goodlooking, can I give you a lift anywhere?*

### MOTHER



*Where's that cake that's only for visitors? We've got visitors, too.*

## It seems to me

ABOUT this Olympic Games fuss: It seems to me that the invitation to hold the Games in Australia might have been given in the same spirit as some people ask guests to a party.

You issue the invitation for, say, Saturday week, without realising that Saturday week is in the realm of reality.

At the time of asking the guests, usually twice too many for the supply of forks, glasses, and chairs, you are under the impression that the day will never arrive. It is in the future and has nothing to do with the present. Then suddenly it is the day after tomorrow and you are quite appalled.

There the analogy ends, for only a few tried and trusted friends have to endure the hysterical rush with which you embark on the preparations. Your plight is not discussed by the Press of the world, so nobody rushes in and says, "Come to my place. It will be much better organised than hers."

Very often such parties turn out to be a great success. One can only hope that the same thing will happen with the Olympic Games, though at present it doesn't look too promising.

CANNED wine will shortly be sold in America on a nationwide scale. Market research shows that consumers favor the idea. As Omar might have said:—

*A can of prawns, and one of wine beneath the bough,  
A tin-opener would make it Paradise enow.*

IN Brisbane the other day Mrs. V. Juppenlatz, the convener of the Women's Club Civic Circle, stated that there were 40 women registered for jury service in Queensland compared with 50,000 men.

In Queensland, as in New South Wales, women have to register their names for jury service, whereas men are called.

The proportion of women registered in New South Wales is higher—358 compared with 83,280 men.

Nevertheless women don't seem to be rushing jury service. This is not surprising. One of the last things I would care to do is to sit on a jury, and this is evidently the common feminine view.

For that matter, if men had to register, how many would do so?

To my mind the voluntary registration system isn't good. Women should either be called to serve or not serve at all.

The volunteer system means that, in the main, only a particular type of woman registers.

She is usually a public-spirited woman, strongly conscious of civic rights and duties. But in consequence there is no cross-section of average women to draw on for the job.

By



*Dorothy Drann*

DURING last week's talks at the Kremlin about a treaty to end the ten-year occupation of Austria, a lavish diplomatic party was held.

According to a news agency account, both the Austrian and the Soviet leaders were in excellent humor as they drank toasts in vodka and Armenian cognac. When the U.S. Ambassador, Mr. Charles E. Bohlen, proposed a toast to "A democratic, free Austria," Mr. Molotov said, "Very good. Let's drink to that."

It must be very difficult these days to be a diplomat, especially a Russian one, and attend a party.

Every word is flashed so fast to the world. In the days before Marconi, diplomats no doubt had a high old time at parties, said anything that came into their heads and trusted that by the time it got back home war had broken out in some other place.

Nowadays, I imagine, each nurse his drink a long, long time, hoping that someone else will say something indiscreet.

In the circumstances it's a wonder some formula isn't evolved for toasts. An idea, which I offer freely to the diplomatic service, is to lift the glass, uttering "Good health" in the language of the host country, and adding in one's own, "Without prejudice."

A FRIEND of mine says that Tschakovsky should have a special memorial erected by entertainers.

Not only is he the source material of many popular songs but — "Look at the 1812 Overture and those cannon going off! Spike Jones!"

OPENING shortly, a new hotel in Las Vegas, U.S.A., offers seats on its ninth floor for visitors to watch the atomic demonstrations at Los Alamos.

Order your drinks and lounge back in your chair.

Through the great window you will see the cloud

(Much bigger than a man's hand) as it billows into the sky—

The greatest show on earth.

It makes a nice change from gambling and dancing, doesn't it?

More educational, I'd say, and besides.

When you're flying round later with your wings and harp.

And they're queueing up (move down the centre, please) at the Pearly Gates.

After the whole shebang has blown sky high,

You'll be able to say, rather smugly, to your neighbor,

"I was there when the last-act curtain went up."



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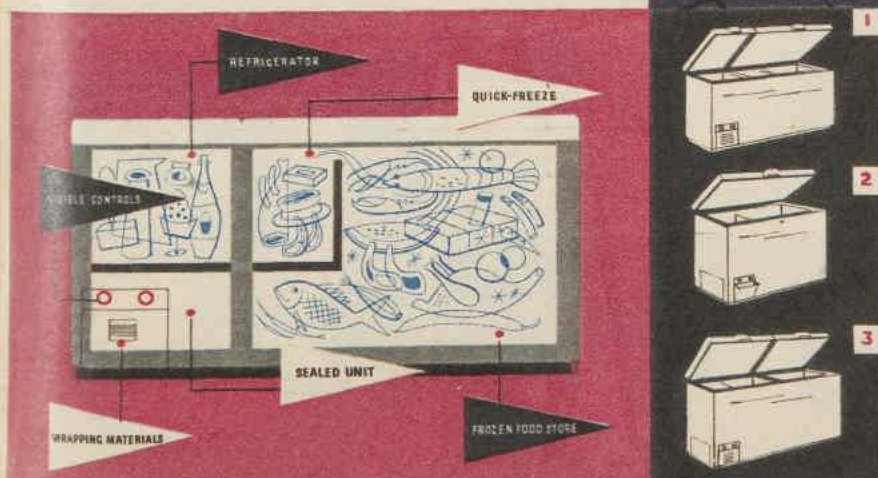
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## **THREE OTHER MODELS FOR HOMES AND FARM**

At the left there are three other models for home or farm use.

1. The PR.22, a larger edition of the PR.14 and it holds 760 lb. food.
2. The P.12 Flashfreeze freezer, ideal for those who already have a refrigerator, it holds 420 lb. food.
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# Flashfreeze





**WED AT ST. MARK'S.** Mr. and Mrs. Pat Gunning leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Diane Fuller, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Fuller, of Elizabeth Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Gunning will make their future home at Castlecrag.



**BRIDAL ATTENDANTS** (from left) Mrs. John Lavender, Philippa Cookson, Rosemary Allen, and Mrs. Evan Barnett enter St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, with (at back) the bride, formerly Jillian Nivison, and her father, Mr. A. S. ("Pops") Nivison, of "Mirani," Walcha. Jillian married Herbert Oppenheimer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Oppenheimer, of Capetown, South Africa.



**PIPED FROM THE CHURCH.** Mr. and Mrs. Ken Kelly leave St. Andrew's Cathedral to the skirl of Mr. G. M. Irving's bagpipes. Reception was held at the Pickwick Club. The bride was formerly Sue Snelling, daughter of Mrs. Joyce Snelling, of Neutral Bay, and the late Captain R. L. Snelling. Ken and Sue will live at Boorowa.



**WELL-KNOWN SURGEON MARRIES.** Dr. and Mrs. Ben Edye sign the register after their marriage at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Edye, formerly Mrs. Stewart Menzies, of Glen Innes, wore a ballerina dress of charcoal chiffon.



**NEWLYWEDS** Mr. and Mrs. Max Reynolds leave St. James', Turramurra, by car for their reception at Elanora Country Club. The bride was formerly Sue Manchec, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Manchec, of "Yamburgan," South-west Queensland. They will live at Cammoek.



**LEAVING St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, for the reception at the Australian Golf Club, Kensington, after their wedding are Herbert Oppenheimer and his bride. They will live at Walcha.**



**TO LIVE IN WAGGA.** Mr. and Mrs. John Blake leave St. Mark's, Darling Point. Bride was Alison Cunningham, daughter of Mrs. Cunningham, of Double Bay, and the late Lieutenant-Colonel Archie Cunningham, A.A.M.C.





**GRAMMAR SUPPORTERS** Jeannette Davis and Brian Hirstman arrived at Penrith for the G.P.S. Regatta in Brian's green sports-car. Grammar won their first Head-of-the-River race since 1940.

**WATCHING THE POLO** at the County Polo Club's carnival at Warwick Farm are Ann Combes (left), Diana White, and Ned Combes. Diana's brother Denis played for the winning Mudgee team.



**BARRACKING** very enthusiastically for High at the G.P.S. Regatta is Annette Barber. Annette cheered on the crews through a blue cardboard megaphone.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**BIG-GAME** hunting on a private farm 400 miles north of Johannesburg at Easter-time was an exciting experience for Parkes Chrestman and his wife, who was Sydney lass Jillian Lemone.

The Chrestmans are at present living in South Africa, and with a letter last week from Jillian, Sonia Storch is up-to-date with the latest news.

Parkes and Jillian are having a wonderful time in South Africa. Jillian reports that they spent a weekend recently with English film stars Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray, and she also met Norman Hartnell when he held a fashion parade in Johannesburg.

**AFTER** her arrival in London in Himalaya on April 26, Barbara Bergelin, of Chatswood, will have a well-filled few days before her wedding, scheduled for the first week in May. Barbara will marry Dr. Tom Morrison, of Lindfield, at St. James', Spanish Place. They expect to be overseas for at least eighteen months.

**TRAVELLING** in France and a ski-ing holiday—at an as yet unplanned destination—will be the highlights of Ann Dunlop's voyage overseas. Ann will be travelling with her grandmother, Mrs. W. P. Dunlop, of Edgecliff, and they will leave on board the Himalaya on October 8. But Ann has some committee work to be completed before she goes, and the last ball she's helping organise is the Scots College Ball, which will be held at the Trocadero on April 22. Proceeds will aid funds for the college's War Memorial Chapel.

**ALTHOUGH** Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blakey, of Artamon, were not able to be at their daughter Margaret's marriage with Ben Garrett in Samarai, Papua, they had a part in the wedding. Mr. Blakey made Margaret's wedding ring—of white gold—and Mrs. Blakey made the wedding cake, which was flown up to Samarai. Mr. and Mrs. Blakey are hoping to visit their daughter and son-in-law—whom they haven't yet met—in June.



**RED CROSS BALL.** Mrs. Ken Youdale (left) and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Richards arrive at the Trocadero for the Red Cross Ball. Mrs. Youdale wore white organdie, and Mrs. Richards' ecru tulle dress was trimmed with cocoa velvet.



**YEARLING SALES.** Elizabeth Tout (left) and her mother, Mrs. Robert Tout, of "Wambanumba," Young, at Yearling Sales held at Newmarket Stables, Randwick.



**RACEGOERS.** Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Moses, of Whale Beach, at Randwick on Ladies' Day. Mrs. Moses wore a tiny, straight-set velvet pillbox with her finely checked suit.



**CHRISTENING.** Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Kirkpatrick, of Toorak, Melbourne, with their son David at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was Juliet Winchcombe, daughter of the Ken Winchcombes, of Darling Point.

**MRS. HENRY FREN** made the journey to Sydney from her home, "Wah-roonga," Gunnedah, to be matron-of-honor when Jean Maclean and Dr. Walter Cook were married at Shore Chapel last week.

**DATES** for your diary . . . April 28, for Mater Hospital Nurses and Resident Doctors' Ball at the Australia Hotel . . . June 15, for the Medical Ball at the Trocadero.

Anne



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Above, your eye sees pictures and here it reads words. There would have to be a mighty lot of each to give you the full story of the many ways in which Zephyr is designed to stay modern. Even then, to really appreciate Zephyr, you would need to "feel" the eager power-flow of that smooth "oversquare" engine . . . to travel relaxed in that Miracle Ride which the world's most modern suspension system provides . . . to know the instant, road-hugging sense of "driver-control" in which so many modern engineering advances contribute . . . to see the remarkable road-vision which extends almost from front wheels onwards.

In short, you and Zephyr should get together.

**Match what you get—and what you pay**

If you do this there is no doubt that, among 20 to 25 h.p. cars, Zephyr will be your choice. A visit to your Ford Dealer will make it practical. In a careful value-check he will show you how and why Zephyr's keen price buys a better motor car with more features and more equipment. He will arrange, too, for you to sample in a test-drive the new and far greater pleasure and comfort which Zephyr has brought to motoring. Everything will please you including the confidential terms arrangements which your Ford Dealer will gladly explain.

Yes, this week, you, your Ford Dealer and Zephyr-Six should get together!

# ZEPHYR-SIX

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MIDNIGHT-BLUE pure silk organza evening gown trimmed with diamante bands makes an ideal background for white Persian Burcus Shar. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

## Cats in fashion parade



KITTEN-SOFT wool jersey makes a chic top for this full-skirted cocktail frock in black taffeta. Chinchilla kitten Hadji Baba seems to like it.

RIGHT: Buff-pink pure silk organza ball gown shirred into horizontal bands of pink cabouchons is admired by blue Persian Regent Precious.



Feline models will parade with mannequins at the "Felines and Fashions" show at the Trocadero, Sydney, on April 21. The parade is in aid of the Sub-Normal Children's Welfare Association.

JACKET of scarlet silk taffeta over black lace and taffeta cocktail trousers (right) intrigues eight-weeks-old Chinchilla Hadji Baba. Fashions by Robert White.



Sparkling  
New  
**Ipana**  
flavour  
encourages children  
to brush teeth



Just remember . . .  
8 out of 10 dentists  
recommend Ipana.



New Ipana topped all leading  
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New Ipana with WD-9 is made to the formula of the American IPANA, voted "tops" by millions of Americans. In "masked tube" tests, the sparkling, new Ipana flavour was preferred to any other leading toothpaste. Now . . . you will prefer the flavour of New Ipana. Your children will love it . . . they'll want to clean their teeth—not only because of the sparkle-fresh taste—but because Ipana is super-charged with lively foam.

Fights decay the best-tasting way!

New Ipana contains WD-9, which destroys the bacteria which cause decay (and unpleasant breath). Tests have shown that decay can be reduced up to 60% by using New Ipana after meals—the way your dentist recommends. Also . . . New Ipana with WD-9 makes teeth whiter and brighter from the very first brushing. Both regular Ipana and Ipana with Chlorophyll contain WD-9 . . . buy a tube this very day and fight decay the best-tasting way.



New Ipana  
Come  
and get it!

YOU CAN ONLY BUY IPANA FROM YOUR CHEMIST



# Ruby Hordern's

In Paris all gleaming and sumptuous materials are high fashion—but the more extravagant the fabric the simpler must be the style of the frock.

● The frock (left) of Fath's dress and jacket ensemble is a slim sheath designed with a bare top and draped bodice, finished at the waist with a large square buckle.

● Dress and jacket ensemble (above and above right) in gleaming silver brocade is from the House of Fath. The bloused and shaped jacket is trimmed with a silver fox collar.

● Long-torso frock (above) is designed by Dior, who chooses deep rose taffeta for the material. A bow finishes the slashed v-shaped neckline. The skirt has a smooth front panel from which spring deep pleats.



# Paris

# Notes.



● Chic sophistication is portrayed in the superbly simple slender Dior sweater suit (above) knitted in gold lame thread.



● The classic shirt-maker (above) from the House of Fath is made in sumptuous apricot satin.



● Tailored redingote designed by Pierre Balmain (right) is made in rich brocade and trimmed with a border of a rich dark fur.

*Dorothea Johnston*



"I'll take the one with the Sutex label"



A Sutex Skirt is the invariable choice of women who have impeccable taste in clothes. Outstanding Fenmoor styling skill is evident in the new season's range, wherein every skirt has been superbly tailored from exclusive Sutex all-wool worsteds. When you choose your next skirt look for the Sutex label. It is your assurance of perfection, your guarantee of satisfaction. At all the best stores.



AND OF COURSE, EXQUISITE SUTEX NYLONS ... THEY'RE SI-RO-PREGNATED

## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

The nightgown illustrated on this page has been specially designed in answer to the reader whose letter appears below.

**S**IMILAR requests came from other readers in last week's fashion mail.

Here is a typical letter and my reply.

"MY problem is a warm nightgown to wear in hospital during my confinement, which will be in mid-winter in a very cold climate."

The nightgown I have chosen for you to wear in hospital is illustrated at right. The design is front-buttoned, long-sleeved, and finished with a pretty self-material trim. More important, the silhouette, with its gathered skirt hanging straight from a yoke, will be extremely comfortable. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. You omitted to state the size you require. Lines under the illustration will give further details and how to order.

"WITH the long-torso line so popular, would it be out of place to have a costume with a pleated skirt?"

A finely pleated skirt can be worn with a hip-hugging, straight-cut beltless jacket and be right in fashion.

"I WOULD appreciate your advice on the matter of my wedding dress. The wedding is a small family affair, but I want to be married in white."

For the girl who wants to have a quiet family wedding and still look bridal I think there is nothing prettier than a white lace dress with a street-length skirt. Keep the design as simple as possible, the bodice made with an oval neckline and short sleeves, and the skirt with narrow pleats below a fitted hipline yoke. Wear a tiny flower hat; it can be white or pastel-colored. Be sure your shoes are light and pretty; open white satin sandals with a high narrow heel would be "perfect. Carry



D.S. 138. — Long-sleeved nightgown in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

flowers; three long-stemmed white roses would look simple and effective.

"I WANT something really slick and new for this winter, but not a tailored suit. My material is a fine wool in a bright blue. I am tall and considered to have a good figure for wearing clothes."

I suggest a two-piece dress: this is a very new fashion—in fact it looks like being one of the success silhouettes of 1955. A dress in this category could consist of a long, easy top and separate skirt—the latter full or pleated. Have the top curved to the waist but not cinching it. Have the sleeves set in, neckline high and finished with a Quakerish collar.

"WHAT style of top other than a shirt is being worn with pants? Also what type of pants are mostly seen?"

An overblouse is currently popular with well-fitted pants; the latter are ankle or above-ankle length. The overblouse may be either straight or gathered around the hipline into a self-material band or semi-fitted.

"WOULD you please tell me the correct corset for a woman in her late forties with a 40in. bust and 29in. waistline, more of a big woman than stout?"

I consider the most flattering and satisfactory corset for a woman in the age group you mention is a corselette. A correctly fitted corselette will give the not-so-young figure a long smooth line and diaphragm control.

"AS a constant reader of your weekly column I would appreciate an answer to the following query. Is it correct to wear gloves with an evening frock?"

Elbow-length or above-elbow-length gloves are correct with a formal floor-length evening dress.

Beauty in Brief:

## ARM GROOMING

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Smooth arms and elbows can be achieved by a lotion or cream rub immediately after the bath. This is a good time, too, to give unshapely limbs a brief massage treatment.

**ELBOWS** usually need special care.

If you have always scrubbed yours with plenty of soap and water, and if you have refrained from propping them on hard surfaces, more than likely you won't have coarse and dark-looking elbows.

In this event keep on with the good work. You can improve on it with regular doses of lotion or cream which, combined with a few minutes of massage, could discourage arm bulges in no time at all.

Where elbows have a muddy look, in spite of all your efforts, use a little

lemon or bleaching cream on them as well.

Or maybe the skin of your arms is too dry for comfort and apt to flake untidily? Where this happens, apply an oatmeal pack, made by mixing the meal with a few drops of peroxide and enough water to make a paste.

Allow the pack to remain on the arms for about ten minutes. When you remove it with cool water, the skin sloughs off at the same time.

This treatment is best done before bathing at night; afterwards smooth the area with a bit of lotion.



If a heart



is your target...



try a little mischief

a daring perfume by Saville

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Make Baby's Hair GROW CURLY 4 Weeks' Treatment 3/6 EVERYWHERE

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RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS & ACIDS

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headache, and Colds, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be put till kidneys function normally. So trouble with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 27, 1955



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ma*ch* your  
ma*ke* up! ! !

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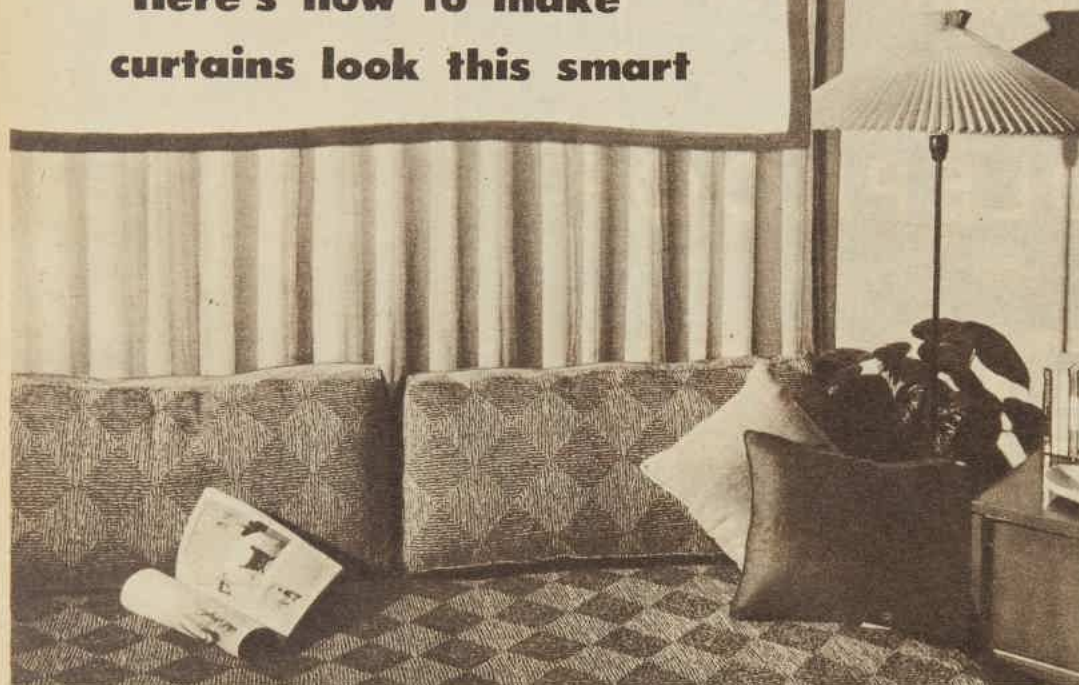
Makers of Zealon and Wizard Sox, Peak of Perfection Shirts, P.T.U.'s Undershorts, Ties, Denim Sportswear, Zealon College Suits and Rainwear

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 27, 1955

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## Here's how to make curtains look this smart

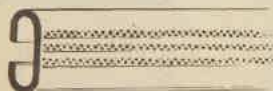


## Make them Kirsch style... Hang them on Kirsch rods

If you've always hung your draw curtains with rings on dowel or conduit you don't know what a really good draw curtain is.

Those even-folding curtains whose looks you admire in the American magazines, those curtains that glide open or close smoothly — those curtains you wish you owned, are made to work that way, when hung from a Kirsch rod. For forty years Kirsch in America have been developing and perfecting their curtain rods, keeping abreast of the latest developments. Identical Kirsch rods are available in Australia. Here are some of the advantages over other curtain fittings.

### Stronger!



Kirsch is the only flat oval rod, which makes it light, but immensely strong. That is why curtains on Kirsch rods do not sag in the middle. With the addition of invisibly joined sections of rod and supporting brackets, Kirsch rod can cover windows of any width at all.

### With, or without drawcords

Do you like to draw your curtains with just the pull of a cord, or do you prefer

to draw them by hand? With Kirsch you can have it either way. No matter what type of curtain treatment you want, hang your curtains on Kirsch.

### The only rod with slides



The slides on which the curtains glide fit inside the rod. That's why, even though you draw your curtains daily you never scratch the perfect ivory finish of the rod. The slides do not stick or jam — curtains glide smoothly and freely.

### No pelmets needed

Modern curtains for the most part dispense with the bulky, expensive pelmets needed to hide the workings of other curtain rods. Specially designed Kirsch



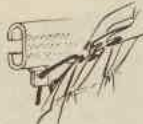
hooks hold the curtain headings upright to cover the rod when curtains are closed. When open all you see is the neat Kirsch rod. Because...

### All working parts hidden

Cords and slides are hidden, brackets are

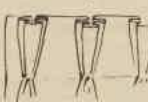
concealed. The ivory colour makes the narrow rod itself inconspicuous against any background. Provision is made for carrying the end of the curtain around the end of the rod. When curtains close they glide surely into place at the centre, overlapping to ensure privacy.

### Curtains are easy to take down



To remove curtains for cleaning, simply unhook them from the slides — no need to remove the rod — it stays in position from the day it is put up. No other curtain rod or makeshift can give you all this. Ask for Kirsch and make sure you get it.

### Make your curtains Kirsch style



The secret of evenly draped curtains is the pleated heading at the top of the curtain. Curtains with this Kirsch-style heading drape evenly both when open and closed.

Kirsch make a special heading hook for this type of pleat. It is made to fit the rod and hold headings erect so that curtains cannot sag over at the tops. Only Kirsch hooks will fit Kirsch rods.

# Kirsch

CURTAIN RODS and FITTINGS  
ARE A PRODUCT OF WORMALD BROTHERS INDUSTRIES



## Road Safety Contest



MR. T. G. PATERSON (left), chairman of the judging panel of our Road Safety Contest, discusses the competition with Mr. H. J. Martin, Commonwealth Electoral Officer in Sydney.

**H**UNDREDS of thousands of entries for our Road Safety Contest are now being checked by an expert staff.

We hope to be able to announce shortly the winners of the eight Hillman Minx cars and additional sets of Olympic tyres.

Immediately after the closing date for entries (March 23) each of the seven members of our judging panel listed the road safety suggestions in the order he thought would most effectively reduce the toll of the road.

The lists were forwarded by

registered post to Mr. H. J. Martin, the Commonwealth Electoral Officer in Sydney.

Officers of the Commonwealth Electoral Office then computed the judges' answers according to a preferential system.

Mr. Martin sent the final list of the eight winning suggestions to The Australian Women's Weekly, where a big staff immediately began checking entries.

In the event of more than eight successful entries being received, an elimination contest will be devised to find the winners of our superb contest prizes.

### Ideal Wife and Mother Contest

## ENDING SOON

Next week we will print the final coupon in our Ideal Wife and Mother Contest, for which the prizes are four Hillman Minx cars valued at a total of more than £4000.

**W**HEN you have clipped out the coupon on this page you will have seven of the eight coupons required to become an entrant in our intriguing Ideal Wife and Mother Contest with its handsome prize list.

Each coupon has on it four qualities which, in the opinion of experts in the subject, contribute to making the ideal wife and mother.

To enter the contest and, at the same time, give yourself a chance to win a handsome car, all you have to do is decide on which 12 of the total 32 qualities you think are most important. Then list the 12 in your order of preference on the official entry form, which will also be published next week.

The closing date for entries will be June 8, 1955.

### HOW TO ENTER

Cut out each week the coupon showing four of the qualities of an ideal wife and mother. When you have the whole 32, choose the 12 you consider the most essential and list them in order of merit on the entry form which will be printed with the last coupon in our issue dated May 4. A complete set of eight coupons must be attached to each entry form submitted.

## SAVE THIS COUPON

25. Comradeliness
26. Unselfishness
27. Good listening ability
28. Cheerfulness



# A CHILD DISCOVERS HIS WORLD



**1—A WIDE, NEW WORLD** is opening out for Billy, aged one. He can play alone for a while now, especially if someone gets him started. Every once in a while, of course, he comes back to Mother for attention.



**2—HIS CHOICE** of playthings is not always safe. This is not for him, but so tempting for tiny fingers.

**M**EET Billy, just one year old. He can't quite walk alone yet, but that doesn't stop him from roving everywhere and getting into everything.

This is how he learns about the immediate world around him and develops both muscles and mind. Wisely, his mother puts what breakables she can out of his reach, but she knows she has to be alert and watch for the unpredictable.

Like most babies, he's constantly underfoot interrupting orderly, efficient routine. It's tiring, of course, with a lot of leg and back work, and it takes a lot of quick thinking, but Mother knows there is little that is more important than helping a baby discover the world.

These pictures have been prepared by two American experts in child psychology, Mrs. Anna Wolf and Miss Suzanne Szasz.

Copyright. From the book "Helping Your Child's Emotional Growth," by Anna W. M. Wolf and Suzanne Szasz, published by Doubleday and Co. Inc., New York.



**3—STARTLED**, but understanding, he looks round at Mother's firm: "No, Billy! You must not touch." Her tone and her looks are as firm as her words and he obeys.



**4—A DISTRACTION** from dangerous toys is provided by Mother, who supplies the small explorer with lids and saucepans with which he bangs away happily and safely.



**5—LUNCHTIME**, and Billy's hungry after a heavy morning getting about in the big, new world.



**6—MORE EXPLORATION**, a new food. But Billy doesn't like it, and makes his disapproval apparent.



**7—WISELY**, Mother does not persist with the strange taste, but returns to milk, a familiar favorite.



**8—REST TIME** is coming up, and Mother cuddles him for a while before putting him down to sleep.



**9—IN THE SECURITY** of his mother's arms, Billy gradually quiets down after the exciting doings of the morning. However busy she is, Mother always devotes this little time to giving Billy the sense of love and safety he needs when he starts on his path of discovery.



# HIGH fashion at LOW cost

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## LINCOLN

### Dependable Knitting Wools

Easy to make . . . yet cost so little . . . you'll find all the smartest styles in Lincoln Knitting Books, and for best knitting results—be sure to choose Lincoln Dependable Knitting Wool. Spun from Australia's finest fleeces and carefully processed to retain the lovely natural softness, warmth, elasticity and strength . . . a combination of wearing qualities found only in wool. Choose Lincoln Wools for quality and economy . . . for superfine texture, beautiful colours and wonderful washing qualities.

#### ALWAYS DEPENDABLE ALL WAYS

There is a Lincoln Wool for every pattern and purpose—

"Daphne" Crochet (—3 ply)  
"Daphne" Triple Twist  
"Golden Wattle" (4 ply)  
"Waratah" Double Crepe  
"Daphne" Merino Baby Wool  
"Spira" Boucle

★ IMPORTANT. Be sure to buy sufficient wool in required Shade Number and of the same blend.

Model No. L1831 from Lincoln Book No. 726 requires 11 skeins (1 oz.) "Daphne" Crochet Wool. TOTAL COST ONLY 28/10½.

Model No. L1836 from Lincoln Book No. 726 requires 10 skeins (1 oz.) "Daphne" Crochet Wool. TOTAL COST ONLY 26/3.

Model No. L1850 from Lincoln Book No. 726 requires 16 skeins (1 oz.) Triple Twist "Daphne" Wool. TOTAL COST ONLY 42/-.

Model No. L1750 from Lincoln Book No. 722 requires 9 skeins (1 oz.) "Daphne" Crochet Wool. TOTAL COST ONLY 23/7½.

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Model No. L1817 from Lincoln Book No. 722 requires 8 skeins (1 oz.) "Daphne" Crochet Wool. TOTAL COST ONLY 21/-.



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# Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

The best defence against teasing is to look as though you like it. So long as you show that it distresses you, you can resign yourself to being the teasers' victim.

THIS is the main point I want to make to a girl who wrote this week:

"ABOUT a year ago I went around with a certain boy, whom I'll call B. We are not special friends now, but he still speaks to me. Some of the boys still call me B, and I know he hates it and it doesn't help us to get on better terms. I still like him more than most boys at school—not seriously, as I am only 15. How do you think I should act towards him and the teasing? I am not very popular."

L.G.B., Western Australia.

A neat way out of it would be to make friends with the ringleader of the boys who still call you B.

Go out of your way to talk to him, ask his opinion on this and that—you know the sort of treatment.

Pretty soon they'll be teasing him about you.

Meanwhile, act towards B as naturally as you can, trying not to take special notice or to look too glad when he speaks to you.

And for teasing generally: Act indifferent. When you blush or get angry or snap back some remark, the teasers get the "bite" they're after. So don't let the agony show, and smile, even if it kills you.

I can't believe that you're not very popular. The very fact that the boys tease you means they take notice of you—even if it's not the sort of notice anyone appreciates. If they didn't like you, they wouldn't bother you one way or the other.

"BECAUSE of financial trouble my father is unable to educate me further. Would you send me the addresses of some night schools in Brisbane? I wish to complete

## CAREERIST cooks

Bill Jelleff, aged 17, and Jan Koers, aged 16, work together at a leading Melbourne hotel as apprentice chefs.

Bill is a fourth-year apprentice; Jan is in his third year.

"First year is spent in the larder watching the food come in and adjusting the eye to quantities involved in large-scale catering," Bill said.

"The next twelve months we work with a chef making nothing but salads."

"In the third year apprentices graduate to the sweets room."

"After that they enter the main kitchen and work as aides to experienced chefs for about three years."

The boys also attend lectures to learn the theory of cooking and the economics of good housekeeping and budget catering.



• JAN KOERS (left) and Bill Jelleff at work on a fish.

Jan, who is Dutch, migrated to Australia with his family. His father is a baker.

Although Bill's life revolves round de-luxe dishes his favorite meals are "those cooked by Mum" when he goes home on holidays to his parents' farm at Warragul, Victoria.

my education by doing Junior and Senior. Please let me know the days I would have to attend and what time classes begin in the evening."

E., Darra, Qld.

There are any number of private tutors in Brisbane, but perhaps your best bet would be the Evening Tutorial Classes for full courses for Senior and Junior held at 49 Melbourne Street, South Brisbane.

Classes are held every week night. They begin not earlier than 5.30 p.m. and finish not later than 9.15 p.m. There are three terms a year. Fees are £8 a year or £2/16/- a term.

Students are interviewed before joining and must be of a required standard before entering the school.

But don't let this dismay you. Call at the college or ring the principal, Mr. Herzog, at J5741.

## DEBBIE'S RECIPE

HERE is the recipe for raspberry rings—especially good for snacks and to take on picnics.

### RASPBERRY RINGS

One cup flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 dessertspoons sugar, few drops vanilla essence, 1½ to 2 tablespoons milk or water, icing sugar, raspberry jam.

1. Sift flour and cornflour and rub in butter or substitute.
2. Add sugar. Mix to stiff dough with milk or water and vanilla.
3. Knead slightly on floured board and roll thinly.
4. Cut into rounds with floured 2in. cutter.
5. Remove centres from half the rounds with small cutter or scalded thimble.
6. Re-knead and re-roll trimmings and cut out again.
7. Place on biscuit trays.
8. Bake in moderate oven until golden brown, 10 to 12 minutes.
9. Cool on cake cooler, then dust rings with sifted icing sugar.
10. Join rings to rounds with raspberry jam.

"MAY you procure a pen-friend in Australia for a friend of mine? Her address is Gertrud Morhenn, (21a) Westerholt West., Bahnhofstr. 143, Germany. She is 15 years old."

## DISC DIGEST

TAKING into consideration the fact that I am smitten seriously by only a scant half-dozen of the hundreds of pop tunes released each year, extended play records (each containing four current tunes) fall a bit flat with me. But for those who like to keep up with the latest numbers they are just what Dr. Rhythm ordered.

I've heard two new EPs (XP45-620 & 618) which give a good cross-view of what folk are listening to here, in the U.S.A., and in Britain. The first has Larry Clinton's Band with The Three Belles in deft versions of "Toy Or Treasure" and "Bazoom." Flipside has husky-voiced Barry Frank in "Fortune In Dreams," and one that I disliked vehemently—the song itself, not the presentation. This is "Mama, Don't Cry At My Wedding," based on that beat-up old cliché: "You're not losing a son, you're gaining a daughter."

HELEN FORREST, on the other disc, steps up before the Clinton band to display her easy vocalising in "It Worries Me" and "Cara Mia," two numbers in the soft lights category. Who would ever have thought that the Biblical story of Ruth would inspire a pop! "Whither Thou Goest" is sung by Betty Johnson on the turnover to 618, but I enjoyed the follow-up much better—"This Ole House," one of the zingiest of the 1955 crop. Both discs are microgroove.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



It takes  
only 10-seconds of your  
time when you own a

## MALLEYS Automatic TWELVE

<p>Drop in clothes and turn on the water</p>	<p>Shake in soap powder</p>	<p>Set the dials</p>
<p>Press the button...</p>	<p>... and GO!</p>	<p>Write for a free copy of Malleys new colour booklet which tells you how you can do your washing in only 10 seconds of your time—at the touch of a button.</p>

Post coupon below to Malleys Ltd., 50 Mountain Street, Broadway, Sydney.

\*MALLEYS Automatic TWELVE  
the first fully automatic washing machine  
that does not need a hot water system.

Full Price: 171 gns.

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Easy terms everywhere. Prices slightly higher in country areas.

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MALLEYS A GREAT NAME IN INDUSTRY

Please send me my free copy of your colour booklet on Malleys Automatic Twelvé.

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MAS-9WW



# TWO RADIANT NEW *Angel Face*

*Now 7 shades in the make-up whose f*



Choose your Pond's Angel Face  
skin-flattering shades: Ivory Angel  
Angel — Blushing Angel — Tawny  
Bronze Angel — and the new, Pige  
and Gypsy Angel



# SHADES...

**NEW**  
Pink Angel

**NEW**  
Gypsy Angel



Buttery can't be copied!

## Soft-tinted powder and foundation in-one



Compare it to greasy foundations. Angel Face never streaks or shines.



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Everything for a glamorous, mat-smooth complexion — full-view mirror — velour puff — and Angel Face in a choice of 7 heavenly shades.

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## Continuing . . . The Professor Escapes

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it's so unlike Rose, don't you think, to pay you, or anyone for that matter, a surprise visit? But that's what your brother-in-law told me, that she's been making a long stay (six weeks!) with your brother in London. (Fancy! I know how you both feel about his wife), then she plans to go on to you.

"Perhaps she's there now, although the Professor did say, too, that he expects her home tomorrow! All very mysterious. If she is, don't mention this letter, will you? I only mention it because I know how very annoying it is to be taken unawares, even by one's own sister and I can't think of any reason why she couldn't have let you know—"

When Enid Brook read the letter she was puzzled and annoyed. She had been concerned to hear from Jean Warner that Rose was in poor health. They had agreed that Rose should take a holiday. But to come without notice! It was quite unlike Rose. Enid's first impulse was to write to London, but a letter might miss Rose. She would telephone.

She put the call through, and Bertram, her brother, answered it. "It's Enid here," she said, and asked about his wife and children.

"We're all fine, Enid," he said. "Is anything wrong?" "No—and there's nothing wrong—at least—it's Rose I want to speak to."

"Rose?" Bertram's voice was puzzled.

"Isn't she there? Has she left?"

"Look here, Enid, what's this all about?"

Enid said slowly, "You mean—you mean Rose hasn't been staying in London with you?"

"Good Lord, no! Whatever gave you that idea? I haven't seen Rose since last Christmas, when we went down to Marwood—"

"And you don't know where she is?"

"Why should I? Isn't she at home? Is anything wrong with her or George?"

"I don't know. It was a letter I got today. From Jean Warner at Marwood. You remember her? She told me Rose was staying with you."

"Well, she's mistaken, that's all."

"But George told her that Rose had been with you for weeks! Now don't you see—George must think she's with you, but she isn't! That means he doesn't know where she is!"

"I see," Bertram said thoughtfully. "But—Rose isn't a child. She's a middle-aged woman, and what she does is her own business—"

"Bertram! How can you be so heartless! And Rose hasn't been well—Jean said she's in a bad nervous state. And you know how impractical George is."

"Oh, come, Enid. I daresay there's some simple explanation. Rose might be with friends."

"Not Rose. Last time she wrote—we don't write very often—she said she wouldn't leave George even to visit me. And, anyway, that isn't the point. Why did George say she's with you?"

Bertram said feebly, "Do you think they've quarrelled?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, Enid, I don't know what we can do. Surely it's George's business. I suppose he should be told that she hasn't been here. I'll telephone him now."

"No, Bertram. I think you should go to Marwood. George will have to be helped, if anything's happened to Rose. He's so helpless."

"Oh, come, Enid," Bertram protested again. "Old George isn't as bad as that. I don't see any necessity—"

"It's your duty, Bertram." Enid was firm. "You must do

something. Rose is our sister."

"I'm a busy man, Enid. I can't just go off at a moment's notice—"

"Why not?" Her voice wasn't sympathetic. Sometimes Bertram had a suspicion that she wasn't sufficiently impressed with his importance as a Parliamentary Under-Secretary. He made a last effort. "Don't you think," he said, "that you are getting into a panic over nothing?"

"No, I don't. I shan't have a moment's peace until I know Rose is safe and well. You could be in Marwood in a few hours; and it would be easy for you to get a pass." Bertram was silent, and she added: "Please, Bertram. I do think you should."

Bertram sighed and agreed to go. He would drive down in the morning. On the way he would think of an excuse to make to George if Rose was safely at home.

At midday on Saturday Professor Robinson walked slowly home. It was a still, grey day, intensely cold; he was tired and unhappy. The cheerful mood of some weeks ago had gone. He felt he was growing old. Once he could have worked himself as hard and wakened each morning fresh and ready for another day. He was sleeping badly, too, and woke each morning listless and stale. As he neared home he heard his name called, and when he saw

A psychotic is a man who'll tell you that two plus two is five. A neurotic is a man who'll say, "Two plus two is four, but I can't stand it."

—Edwin Lanham, "The Iron Maiden."

his brother-in-law he experienced sudden panic.

"Bertram!" he said. "What on earth brings you here?"

"I was just coming to find you," he said. "The door's locked, and I can't rouse anyone. I dropped in to see Rose for an hour or two—I'm up this way on business—and I find no one at home."

The Professor, muttering apologies, led the way to the front door. He was filled with dismay, but there was nothing to do but put his key in the door and open it.

Bertram watched him curiously. "Surely this is the last place you need be afraid of burglars," he said, "when a chap has to have a pass to get into the grounds at all."

He realised his mistake—his visit was supposed to be a casual one. The Professor looked at him sharply. "How did you get in?" he asked sourly.

Bertram was ready with an explanation. "The chap on the gate remembered me from last Christmas," he said; "I thought it was worth trying." They went into the hall, and after a moment's uneasy silence Bertram said, "Is anything wrong, George? You don't look too pleased to see me."

The Professor was a little ashamed of himself.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I suppose I'm a bit off color. I've been working long hours. A special job, and we're short staffed. But I expect you know something of it."

"Yes. It's not my department, but we get to know these things. I won't ask how it's going, but I do know it's

important. Now I look at you, you don't look too fit." He followed George into the kitchen. "You need a holiday. And talking of holidays—where's Rose? Is she taking one?"

He looked about him, and realised his question hardly needed answering. The room was untidy, with dirty dishes piled on the table. Rose must have been away for some time. Poor old George! He'd have to break it to him gently that she was missing—but then if George believed her to be in London, why hadn't he asked about her at once?

"How cold it is," George began, and he took glasses and bottle from a cupboard and poured a drink each. He dearly wanted to ask Bertram the reason for his visit, but he only added, "Rose? She's—as a matter of fact, she is on holidays."

Bertram took his drink, and looked hard at his brother-in-law.

"Really? At this time of year? Where did she go? She must have been away for some time because you've got a proper mess here, George. It'll take you all your time to clear it up before she gets back."

George looked round the room. Until now he had hardly noticed its untidiness. "It's impossible to get even a daily help here," was all he said, but Bertram persisted.

"How long has Rose been away?" The direct question demanded a direct answer, but it came grudgingly.

"Six weeks—almost—"

"Six weeks? Where is she?"

"She's at Enid's, of course. Where else would she go?" At that Bertram put down his glass, alarmed and angry.

"Yes," he said, "where else? But Rose isn't with Enid. And you know she isn't, don't you? Just as you knew she wasn't staying with me when you told Jean Warner she was." At his tone, George too became angry. The two men glared at each other.

"Yes, I knew. And what business is it of yours, or Mrs. Warner's, where my wife is? Surely Rose can take a holiday without telling you! Isn't it sufficient that I know where she is?"

"No. It isn't. Rose is my sister. And—I don't believe you do know where she is." There was no answer. "Do you, George?"

"Of course I do."

"Then in Heaven's name, why don't you tell me? Why all the mystery?" He noticed the new lines of strain on the other's face, and a new thought came to him.

"She really is ill, isn't she? She's had a breakdown, and you're keeping it from us."

George said irritably, "Rubbish! Rose isn't ill. She's better than she's been for a long while."

"I find it hard to believe you. You're acting very strangely. At least, you can tell me when you expect her back."

"I can't say exactly," George said slowly, "but probably tomorrow—" at once he saw that in his anxiety to quieten Bertram's fears, he had made another mistake.

"Is that so? Then you can put me up for the night, and I'll stay to see her."

"No, no—" George spoke quickly, too quickly. "There's no need for that. I'm not sure—that is, she mightn't be back for two or three days—"

"Not good enough, George," Bertram said firmly. "I'm staying." His mind was beginning to fill with the darkest suspicion. "Unless you'd rather

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L O F T



have Enid. If I can't tell her Rose is safe, she'll be here as soon as she can. And you won't get rid of her until she knows all there is to know."

When George said nothing, he added, "I don't understand your attitude—unless you and Rose have split up—if you have, I'm deuced sorry. But Enid and I will have to know sometime; and I don't like to think of Rose staying in some dreary place, alone and miserable."

"You're quite wrong, Bertram. But—if it's the only way to keep Enid away—I'd better tell you—though I can't see why you don't just take my word for it that Rose is all right, and go—" he paused hopefully, but Bertram shook his head.

"All right. Then Rose is right here in the house. Upstairs in her own room, asleep."

Bertram stared at him, confused.

"Then why—but she has been away?"

"Yes—yes, of course. It doesn't matter where, she returned this morning."

Bertram thought, if ever I saw a man who's lying, I'm looking at him now. George couldn't deceive a baby.

"She must be sleeping very soundly." His voice was sceptical. "I made the dickens of a noise, knocking and ringing."

"I see you won't be satisfied until you see her. If you weren't Rose's brother, I'd tell you to mind your own business. But, remember, I won't have her disturbed. So be as quiet as you can."

They went upstairs. Bertram was surprised when George unlocked the bedroom door. Was it usual for Rose to be locked in while she slept? The blinds were drawn, but George crossed to the window and pulled one aside. Bertram tiptoed across to the bed and looked down. Rose lay there, sleeping, the color warm in her cheeks, her breathing quiet and even. She looked well. The lines he remembered round her eyes were smoothed out, and she looked years younger. He turned and left the room, and started down the stairs. Blow these silly hysterical women, he

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thought, making mysteries where none existed. When the Professor joined him, he said, "I can only say I'm sorry, old man. I hope you'll forgive me; but you know what these women are—"

The Professor smiled a little sheepishly.

"Well," he said, "that's that. And now you'll be in a hurry to get away. I know you're a busy man."

"Oh, no," Bertram said easily. "It's Saturday. I'll stay until tomorrow; Rose won't like it if I dash off without seeing her. What about something to eat, old man? Can you manage some sort of meal? I've had nothing since early morning."

The Professor frowned. "I suppose I can get you something—" He went back to the kitchen, and took eggs and bacon from a refrigerator. Bertram followed him, determined to help him back to a more amiable frame of mind. He chuckled as he looked round the kitchen again. "I was imagining Rose's face when she saw this mess," he explained. "It's a wonder that she didn't keep awake until she managed to tidy up. I'll give you a hand to clear it up. Although I expect she'll be down any minute. When did you say she got back?"

"This morning—yes, this morning."

"And she's been asleep ever since. She complained at Christmas that she was sleeping badly."

George stood with an egg poised over the frying-pan. "Bertram," he said. "I don't think you should stay. I know I don't sound hospitable—but we haven't much food in—and—and Rose won't be up to entertaining—"

"Don't worry about me," Bertram said good-humoredly. "Rose knows she doesn't have to put on any frills for me. She would be hurt if I went off without seeing her."

George added bacon to the pan and tried again.

"We haven't room," he said. "I've been sleeping in the spare room—you know we've only one—"

"There's the couch in the library," Bertram pointed out. "I was quite comfortable there last Christmas. And look at that!" He pointed to the window. The room had grown dark. "There's a storm blowing up—probably snow. You can't drive me out in that!"

George looked moodily at the sky. "I suppose you'll have to stay," he said at last.

By the time they had finished eating, and had put the kitchen to rights, the short afternoon had merged into evening. Bertram felt uneasy again. George, sitting with him over a small fire, was making only a pretence of reading. He seemed to be listening and waiting.

"Don't you think," Bertram said suddenly, "it's time Rose woke up? She's been asleep a long time—"

"Why shouldn't she be?" George answered shortly. Bertram sat wondering what to say next. Was he dealing with a man whose mind was disordered? But apart from his worried, preoccupied look, George seemed as sane as he had always been.

"Look here, George," Bertram said, "I know Rose seemed perfectly well when I looked at her. I was satisfied, then. Now—I should have said you're as honest a man as I know, but—there's a lot needs explaining. You say Rose came home this morning. The guard on the gate told me that no car came through the gates today but mine. What am I to make of that?" He waited for an answer, but none came.

"Why didn't she wake when I knocked and rang this morning? Why hasn't she come downstairs yet? And why don't you go to her room, as any other man would, to see whether she's all right?"

But even while he waited for

an answer he supplied it for himself. "Good Lord," he exclaimed, "I have it! She's drugged! That's it, isn't it, George? Rose is drugged!"

The Professor was roused at last to indignant denial.

"No, no," he said angrily. "Rose isn't drugged! Have you ever seen anyone in a drugged sleep? They don't look as she does! My Capsule is not a drug! It has only good effects—" he stopped, aware that he had said more than he meant.

"Capsule!" Bertram exclaimed. "So I was right!"

"You're not right! But you won't be able to understand." George's excitement left him and he went on heavily, "But I'll tell you. It will even be a relief to tell you. Rose will wake, I know she will. Do you think I'd have risked giving her the Capsule if I hadn't been certain?" He passed a hand wearily over his eyes. "At least I was certain. But the strain has grown—and I miss her—but she will wake. Perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the next day—"

Bertram repeated stupidly, "Tomorrow, the next day—what do you mean?"

"I can't be exact—within a day. But she will wake. It may be most important that she should wake naturally. Ordinary noise can't wake her, but I won't have her forced. The animals I experimented with weren't harmed by a forced awakening, but a human being with a more complex brain structure—how can I know? I won't take any risk with Rose—"

"I don't know what you're talking about, but I'll say you've taken considerable risk already drugging her—"

"Good heavens, Bertram, haven't I made it clear that she's not drugged?"

"You've made nothing clear."

"Then why can't you stick to things you understand? In-

stead of blundering about. You might have done Rose a great deal of harm—and ruined a valuable experiment."

"I might have harmed her!" Bertram spluttered angrily. "I'm still waiting for an explanation."

"Very well, now you know so much. Rose is asleep after taking a Capsule—it's something I've discovered after years of experiment."

"Was Rose a willing party to this experiment?"

"No." George became uncertain, almost apologetic. "No. But I'm really past the experimental stage. I know exactly what to expect."

"Then why are you so worried? Don't try to tell me you're not, George."

"If—if I am a trifle upset it's due to a combination of circumstances. I've been overworking; I'm not myself. And this is the first time I've given my Capsule to a human being. But that can't matter; the effect must be the same."

He began to walk restlessly up and down the room. "This is the first time I've told anyone what I'm doing. During all the years I've been experimenting I've not discussed it with anyone, not even Rose."

"Well?"

George looked sharply at Bertram as if daring him to laugh—"Rose is—hibernating."

"What?"

"I prefer to call it resting. The long rest. I can't remember a time when this matter of a long sleep wasn't intensely interesting to me. As a boy all my spare time was spent in country walks, searching for hibernating animals, studying them, and later when I had a laboratory of my own experimenting with them."

"I still can't see," Bertram said, "that whatever you've made is anything else but a drug."

"There's all the difference in the world. My Capsule allows men to sleep for long periods. To sleep. Is a dormouse, during its wonderful winter rest, drugged? Of course not. Have you ever

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known a drug that with one dose could keep a human peacefully asleep for months if necessary, and have him wake rested, all his faculties more alert than they have been for years? With none of the mental and moral deterioration associated with drug-taking? Of course you haven't."

"How can you know the effect? You said Rose is your first subject."

"My first human subject. But I've experimented time and time again with animals that don't normally hibernate; cats and dogs and monkeys. Each one had a long natural sleep, lasting according to the number of capsules I gave them. Each one woke refreshed, you might almost say rejuvenated, more active."

"Believe me, Bertram, I had no intention of testing the Capsule on Rose. In fact,

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F 367A



I had put the thing aside months ago, partly because my work took all my time, partly because I considered it perfected, and I was waiting for a suitable subject for testing it. Then—Rose became ill and on the verge of a breakdown. She needed complete rest from all her worries, real and imagined. There was a pleading note in his voice as he turned to Bertram. "You do understand? I'm expecting great benefit for Rose—"

"If" Bertram said, "she wakes at all!"

George looked at him miserably. "I—at first, I was completely sure. My nerves were steady. Now—I suppose overwork—the silence of the house, Rose up there—" his voice trailed off.

Bertram said slowly, "You don't expect me to believe all this—that Rose has been sleeping there—for six weeks!"

"It's true. How can I explain in a few words what I've been years discovering? The Capsule changes the blood content, the proportion of white corpuscles to red, temporarily—but that's only part of it. You'll have to take my word for it that I can cause hibernation in non-hibernating animals."

"You saw that Rose is asleep and that she looks well. You'll have to take my word that she's been in that condition for six weeks. She's had only one Capsule; to pass the whole six months of winter pleasantly away four of the same strength would be needed. They may be taken at any time, but the autumn and winter months bring better results."

Bertram frowned and said, "You say Rose shouldn't be awakened?"

"I said I'm not sure where humans are concerned. But I won't risk it. I was in an admirable position here for testing the Capsule. No one in Marwood was likely to come to the house once I'd told them Rose was away. And no stranger could have got past the guards to disturb her."

"But what use is all this?"

"You don't see that? No, you're a happy man, and a healthy one. You have all the sleep you want—"

"It's all I can do to find enough time for what I have to do without wasting it in sleep."

"Yes, I, too, find time too short. That is, I used to."

"And at first this was only a hobby in which I found relaxation. It might never have been anything more. I had a friend, young, eager, with a fine brain. For a trivial reason, manifested by overwork and worry into an insurmountable obstacle, he committed suicide. That happens, Bertram. And in this fear-ridden, complex world it's happening too often."

"Yes, yes," Bertram agreed impatiently.

"After his death, I was in my laboratory. I looked down at the sleeping animals, and I thought, if only he could have had that rest. For six months! Time alters everything. He had no trouble that couldn't have been solved in that time. Think of it, Bertram! If all those in his case could have that pause in time! And wake to new hope. After that, I worked with new purpose."

His eyes shone. "I have made that oblivion possible for the mentally ill, I've put salvation in the reach of thousands! That means a great deal to me. I've felt some disquiet about the nature of my work here at Marwood. I'm a sensible man, and I know it must be done. But it's a comfort to think that I've done something constructive as well."

Bertram was hardly listening. He had decided that George had discovered some-

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thing important, and his practical mind was busy.

"What about food?" he asked.

"All the bodily functions are suspended. No food—reasonable warmth."

"If—mind, I say, if—you've really discovered such a process—it may be a big thing. But you can't know until Rose wakes."

"She'll wake." The Professor was suddenly very tired. "I think I'll turn in," he said. "It's early, but I'm not hungry. Can you manage a meal for yourself? There's bedding in the cupboard under the stairs." Bertram nodded absently; he had a great deal to think about, and he sat over the fire for a long while.

The next morning was very cold. The Professor woke, and depression overwhelmed him. He remembered Rose. He remembered Bertram.

And the mere effort of rising seemed too much for him. With an effort he put on dressing-gown and slippers, and went to the kitchen. Bertram joined him, and they prepared and ate breakfast almost in silence. At last Bertram pushed away his plate and looked at the Professor with a mixture of irritation and respect.

"Well," he said at last. "Hibernation! And I don't believe you understand in the least what it means. If you did you wouldn't sit there so

"And must it be Capsules? I mean, could they be made in liquid form?"

"Yes, that would be possible. But why do you want to know?"

Bertram smiled. "In any form! And in unlimited quantities. You don't require any rare ingredient?"

"No!"

"And yet you don't realise the possibilities, the tremendous possibilities, of your discovery!"

George was annoyed. "Really, Bertram, if I don't, I don't know who does—"

"I do, George," Bertram said happily. "I do."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm referring to the political, I might say the international, possibilities. The nation that has this capsule may control the world! Just imagine it, George. To have the power to put thousands of men to sleep for six months. And then walk into their country at your leisure!"

George looked at him with indignation, and growing horror.

"No, no! I haven't been working for that—"

"But you see it now? A new secret weapon. With the supreme advantage that there need be no bloodshed. And



calmly, I believe now that you have discovered this secret—"

"Don't talk in that silly way," the Professor said peevishly, "as though it was lost treasure. Mine is a scientific discovery—"

"Whatever it is, I believe in it. And we've got to do something about it at once."

"I won't have you disturbing Rose."

"I'm not worrying about Rose. If you think she's all right, she probably is. I want to know what you've planned to do about your Capsule."

"I've told you I intend it to be an escape for those who need it."

"Well, how do you plan to make the Capsules available?"

"I hadn't planned anything. But I suppose through doctors. They could prescribe it."

Bertram said pityingly, "I thought so. My dear good George, you're about as practical as a new-born baby. Don't you see that in no time anyone could buy the stuff?"

"Why should it matter?"

"As a beginning, what about those people who'd think nothing of slipping a Capsule into the drink of someone they wanted to be rid of, temporarily? By the way, how much of the stuff have you on hand?"

"I've only made five tablets. Rose had one—"

"But you could make more at any time?"

"Of course."

"They could be made in any quantities, in a factory?"

"Yes."

the humanitarians won't be able to raise a howl either, as they do about poison gas."

The Professor was horrified. To him the Capsule spelt peace and quiet and well-being. He couldn't bear to have it mentioned in connection with war.

"Distribution?" Bertram said thoughtfully, "there's always a way to manage that, once you've got the stuff. In the drinking water, perhaps? But the experts can deal with that—"

"What you're saying," the Professor interrupted, "is that I've made a worse war weapon than any before known."

"Nonsense, old man. The best, you mean. And you say yourself the effects can only be good."

"But afterwards? After a country is occupied, and the people wake? What of bloodshed then? Or would you make them slaves?"

"That could be worked out," Bertram said airily. "That wouldn't be your responsibility. It would be their own fault if they made trouble."

"It would be my fault, my responsibility! I won't consider for one moment having my Capsule used in such a way. The mass enslavement of men!"

"My dear George, I don't think you'll have any say in it. I hope you have your formula for making the stuff in a safe place?"

George thought rapidly. He had the germ of a plan. He said at last, "No. It's not written down."

"Good Lord," Bertram exclaimed. "You mean you carry

it in your head? Then you'll have to write it down at once, and I'll see that it's put in safety. The War Office, of course."

"I refuse."

"I don't think you realise how important this is. It's out of your hands now. My plain duty is to let Cabinet know of it, and I shall. It must be discussed on the highest level. It will be absolutely top secret. Not a word must leak out until we've got the stuff manufactured in quantity. I'll see that Rose understands—in fact, you'll probably both have to be under guard—for your own protection, of course—"

The Professor was almost too angry to speak. His Capsule! This was what they would do with it! Never, never!

The telephone in the hall rang shrilly, and he went to answer it, thankful for the respite. "Hullo?" he said.

"Robinson? Look here. I've been going over those figures you've been working on—what's wrong with you, old man? It's not like you to make errors—but I had Butler check, too—it was one of his colleagues telephoning and when the Professor said nothing, he went on. 'I'll tell you what I suggest. It's Sunday, I know, but we can't be held up over this, now. Will you come over, at once, and check over the calculations again—?'"

The Professor put down the receiver without answering. His head was confused. He had never before made a mistake in figures. The very thought of going over them again was more than he could face. As he stood there staring at the floor Bertram came into the hall.

"If only Rose would wake, you could both come up to London with me," he began. All at once George knew he could not cope with him, either. The cold seemed to be eating into his bones, and he felt a nagging ache in his knee.

And just then a voice called, "George, George—". Both men turned and saw Rose standing on the stairs. She looked well, but bewildered. "George," she said, "Have I been ill?" But I feel so well—but the snow—it's so odd— she came farther down, and saw Bertram. "Why, Bertram, what are you doing here?"

George tried to think of words to explain, but that, too, was too much effort. He passed her as she came into the hall, and began to climb the stairs.

"Bertram will explain, dear," he said. "I'm very cold—I must dress. Stay there, Bertram, and talk to Rose." He went quickly to the room Rose had just left. He took a card from a drawer, and wrote, "I wouldn't advise you to try to wake me, Bertram; it might have the effect of making me forget the formula." He left the card outside the door, then went back to the room, and locked the door.

He went to the wardrobe, and took from a pocket the four capsules. Deliberately, without water, he swallowed them one by one, and stood looking down at the bed, piled high with blankets, with a hollow where Rose had lain. It looked so warm and so cosy that he sighed with pleasure. He wrapped his dressing-gown firmly about him, took off his slippers, and got into bed.

As he waited for sleep, he heard faintly the voices below. Poor Bertram! How impatiently he would wait for the six months to be over! It was too bad that he couldn't know that George had decided already that when he awoke he would have forgotten the formula.

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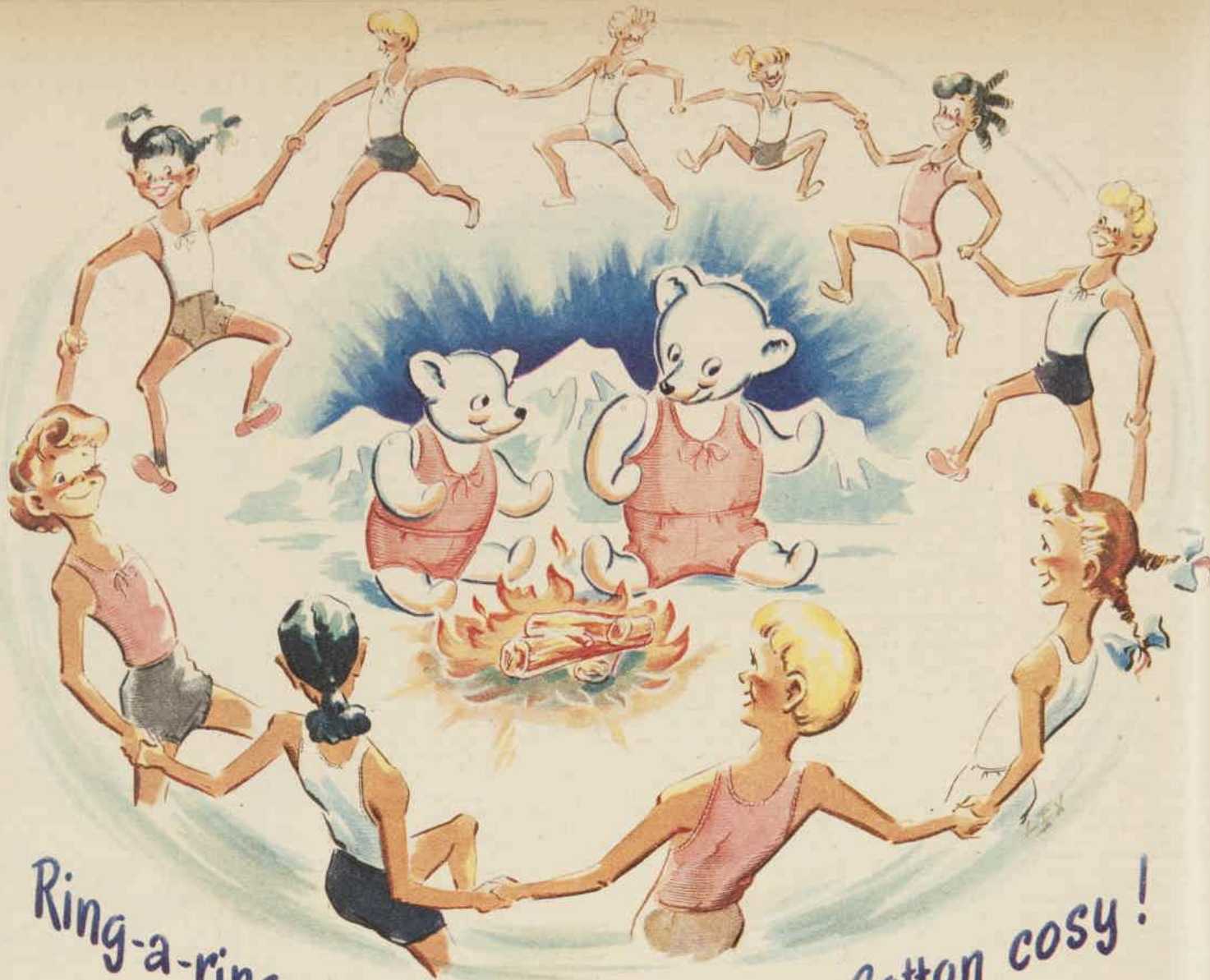
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Page 45





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EX.22



the man from the water company. After he listened to my sad story, he offered to sell me enough water to drown myself in. Isn't that silly?"

"Certainly is," Kellerman said, "what with Lake Kenmore right outside the front door."

Manfully, Bert ate his lettuce-and-tomato sandwich. Then he went outside and got into his car to drive the three miles to the Mace houses. His automobile, a late 1948 model, had one outstanding feature—the windshield wipers worked perfectly, whether or not they were turned on.

So with the windshield wipers washing steadily in the bright midday sun, Bert drove along. He could not subdue a surge of pride at the sight of all those splendid houses. The last of the moving-vans had come and gone, and the new owners would soon be flooding Mace & Son with complaints.

It was a thrilling prospect—save for that one little house on the ridge, which the concerted population of North America was avoiding as the plague.

Dust from the as-yet-unpaved roadway came up to meet the tears in Bert Mace's eyes.

With all the dust he nearly crashed into an automobile that was in a worse state of repair than his own. The sudden thought that even such a derelict might convey somebody with the down payment for a house made Bert vault out of his car. He burst like a star shell into the kitchen of the unsold house.

What was standing there, thoughtfully inspecting the plot map on the wall, was an absolute vision. It was willowy, and had black hair. It wore blouse and skirt to spectacular advantage.

It turned, as Bert Mace entered, and held finger to rosy lips. "Sh-h!"

The vision nodded. "Whisper."

"Why?" Bert whispered.

The vision beckoned, Bert went over, and the vision, with a cool palm, pulled his head down and whispered into his ear. "I'm Gloria."

"Hello, Gloria."

"Are you the sales agent?"

"Yes. Why are we whispering?"

Gloria looked apprehensively about the room. "My fiancé."

"Oh," Bert said. More or less on a hunch he peered under the desk, but no one was there.

"Where is he?"

"It's not where he is," the vision said. "It's who!"

"Oh," Bert said. "Who is he?"

Once again Gloria looked around the room, and then she said, "Norman Fillmore."

"Norman Fillmore? A Norman Fillmore-Dream-Houses Fillmore?"

"The same," Gloria said.

"If I was engaged to Norman Fillmore, I'd go around whispering, too," Bert said. "I understand."

The vision shook her head and perched on the edge of the desk. "You don't understand," she said. "Why do you think I'm here?"

"Obviously to announce your engagement to Norman Fillmore," Bert said. "For which, many thanks. You are the first human being, with the exception of a man from the water company and my unfortunate self, who has been here for seven weeks."

"It's my turn not to understand," Gloria said. "You mean..."

"I mean this is the original Bleak House," Bert said. "I think you are without doubt the most beautiful creature I have ever seen, but for your

Continuing . . .

## House For Sale

from page 3

own good you had better leave here now, because soon we are going to have a fire so we can recover the insurance."

"I don't follow this at all," Gloria said. "What's wrong with the house? It looks like every other house in the development."

"It is like every other one with one minor difference—it's not sold," Bert began to pace up and down like a caged puma. "No, come to think of it, there are other differences." With his index finger he began to point to various lots on the map.

"The Wilsons bought this house—all they have is half a cellar. Bedrock in the other half. I told them that, and they fell over themselves buying it, anyway. Over here, the McDonalds. Their backyard pitches downward so it'll be five years before they can get a lawn to take hold. They insisted I take their deposit before they even looked at the lot."

"Over here, the Donoghues—four big trees, and we had to take them all out when the foundation went in. I told them that, and they begged me to take their money. But this house—Bert's voice rose to crescendo volume—"there isn't one blessed thing wrong with this house. Can I give it away? No!"

The vision was looking at him steadily. "I want to buy this house," she said.

"Yes," Bert said. "You what?"

"I am interested in this

a deposit." She started for the door. "I can't spend too much time here on any one day. Norman might get suspicious."

"Really?" She nodded solemnly. "Matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he's up on the ridge now, spyglasses trained on the door. Suspicious type."

"Well!" Bert said uncomfortably.

"Come to think of it," Gloria said, "it might be the prudent thing for you to kiss me goodbye at the door. That way we can allay his suspicions and hide my face at the same time. What do you think of that?"

"Not much, but I approve," Bert said.

In the doorway he kissed her. The sensation was utterly new to him—something like a first-class passage to the moon.

"One question," Bert breathed at last. "Why are you marrying Norman Fillmore?"

Gloria drew back and regarded him fondly. "Didn't you know? He's a rising young real-estate man."

"Well," Bert Mace said, "I'm a dropping young real-estate man. If there's anything I can do, let me know."

"I'll be back tomorrow," Gloria said. "Good-bye, Baby."

"Yes," Bert said.

He reached his bachelor quarters in Manhattan by way of Mars. The following morning he took extra pains in the field of after-shave lotion and talc and reported to



house," Gloria said. "You understand why I had to come here, on the sly. What would it look like if Norman Fillmore of Fillmore Dream Houses bought his own particular dream house from Mace the Ace? You appreciate the need for secrecy?"

"Yes, but I don't understand it," Bert said. "What difference does it make if he buys it secretly or at public auction? Once he starts living here he's living here, isn't he?"

Gloria wagged a pretty finger. "It's all right," she said, "provided that when he gets around to buying a house himself, there are no more Fillmore Dream Houses left."

"So why doesn't he wait till then?"

"That's just the point," Gloria said. "I'm here secretly because I want you to save this house for Norman and me. He's still got houses of his own left."

"Why don't you buy one of them?"

Gloria snorted. "I wouldn't be caught dead in a Fillmore Dream House."

"What about Norman?"

"Nuts to Norman," Norman's intended said. "Does that surprise you?"

"Nothing surprises me any more," Bert said. "Did you want to look at the house?"

"I'll be back tomorrow to look it over. If I really like it, I'll be back the next day with

the empty house in Woodvale to await developments.

The morning brought nothing more stimulating than a telephone call from Miss Hines.

"Your father was stomping around the office last evening, tearing phone books in half and baying for your blood. But I saved you—I told him you'd run across a buyer."

"Your integrity is unscathed," Bert said. "That happens to be precisely the case."

"You don't say? Tell me about it."

Bert started to comply, but it occurred to him that nobody, least of all his father's secretary, would believe it. He had trouble believing it himself. He wished Miss Hines good day and rang off.

When he got back to the empty house after lunch, Gloria was standing on the front step. "Hi!" she said and kissed him thoroughly.

"What's this?" Bert said, a little breathlessly. "Norman peeking with the spyglasses again?"

"Can't be too careful," Gloria said. "Well, shall we examine the closet space?"

She was, Bert discovered, even more beautiful than he had supposed. Today she wore another colorful peasant skirt and a fascinating blouse.

Bert led her around the house in a state of confused sublimity.

"These kitchen cabinets," he said, "are potty knife. I mean knotty pine. The heating system is gas. Wow!"

Gloria smiled radiantly. "Gas," she said. "My! I suppose that means that if the electricity is ever cut off, we can still heat the house with gas."

"Not really," Bert said. "The furnace is activated by an electric thermostat and circulates the air with an electric blower. I wouldn't tell that to everybody."

"Norman Fillmore says gas is a protection in case of a power shortage."

"You're marrying Norman Fillmore, not I," Bert said. "Would you like to see the cellar?"

"I want to see everything," Gloria said. "What do you think of Fillmore Dream Houses?"

"I think they're fine," Bert said. "Well built, well priced, reputedly backed. Now ask me if I feel all right."

"Do you feel all right?"

"No," Bert said. "Will it be all right if I kiss you goodbye before you leave?"

"I'd say it was absolutely necessary," Norman Fillmore's fiancée said. "That is, if you don't mind."

Bert kissed Gloria more or less deliciously on the front step, learned she'd be back next day for a final inspection, and watched her drive away. Then he flapped his wings and went home.

Miss Hines was on the phone the following morning to announce that Mace the Ace was still on the hook, though wriggling.

"Keep him there," Bert said. "Some day when I know you better, Miss Hines, I'll tell you a story that will curl your undoubtedly handsome hair."

It baffled him, as he sat in the empty house, that he thought of Gloria not so much as a potential buyer but as a woman. Woman in Bert Mace's life heretofore had been that movable object around which a kitchen was designed. Now, with his future in the real-estate business sadly and vitally at stake, he was obsessed by something far more personal than Gloria's reaction to his dormered attic.

He decided not to go to lunch at Kellerman's. Instead, he was waiting on the front step when Gloria drove up.

"Kiss?" she said, and kissed him.

He staggered into the house behind her. "Gloria," he said, "I've been thinking."

She was at the far end of the room, testing the way the windows closed. "Yes? You've been thinking?"

"About Norman Fillmore," he said. "You know, Norman was always dumb in school."

Gloria returned and looked at him thoughtfully. "But yesterday you were filled with nothing but praise for him."

"Yesterday I was talking about him as a real-estate man," Bert coughed slightly. "Today I'm referring to him as the ah—other kind of man."

"Oh?"

Bert Mace shook a finger in her direction. "I've never in my life run down a competitor," he said, "but in this case I feel obliged to point out to you that Norman Fillmore has buck teeth. He won't do anything unless his astrologer tells him to, and as a reckless driver he is notorious. Furthermore, he likes strong pickles. Would you knowingly marry a man who likes strong pickles?"

"I'd give it a great deal of thought," Gloria said. She came over then and put his arms around her neck. "You know something, Mr. Man? You're awful persuasive."

Somewhere during the ensuing clinch it occurred to Bert Mace that he had just queered the sale of the one remaining house. It was with mixed emotions that he bade Gloria farewell.

Determined to quit the real-estate business for good and all and go homesteading in the West somewhere, Bert Mace drove into the city that afternoon. Miss Hines, friendly as always, stared at him through her glasses as he walked in the door.

"How's the deal?" she asked.

"Off," he said, hardly looking at her. "My old man in?"

"Yes," she said. "Want me to call the homicide boys?"

He nodded. "Tell them it's a double."

Mace the Ace was sitting at his desk, poised like a panther. "So?" he roared. "What about that house?"

"I'll tell you about that house," Bert began. "There was a . . ." Bert stopped. Something kept knocking for admittance at the back door of his mind. Suddenly he wheeled and charged into the outer office.

Miss Hines looked up. "I'm just now calling the police."

"Question first," Bert said.

"What did you say your first name was?"

"I didn't," the secretary said. "But it's Gloria."

"Take off your glasses."

Gloria complied.

"Fluff out your hair."

Gloria did so.

"Hello, Baby," Bert Mace said.

"Hello," she said. "I knew you were going to be mad at me, but I thought if I could get you to notice me, and maybe at the same time restore your confidence as a salesman, then it would—anyway, that's why I . . ." She let it trail off. "You see," she said, "you are mad."

"No," he said vehemently. "Just puzzled. One thing. What about Norman Fillmore?"

"He didn't know anything about it."

"He did if he was up on that ridge with the spyglasses," Bert said.

They looked at each other. The embrace that followed was both intense and joyous. It was sundered only by the explosive presence of Mace the Ace in the doorway.

"What," he thundered, "about that house?"

"Oh, that," Bert Mace said, looking into Gloria's eyes. "It's bought."

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## LIFE'S "FUN AGAIN"

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# ADVENTURE IN AFRICA

*Film Fun-Fox*

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★ Conflicts and clashes of temperament spring up readily in "Untamed," Fox's big-screen 19th-century adventure story set partly in Ireland, partly in the African jungle.

It is in keeping with the film title that rugged action, set against superb scenic backgrounds, punctuates the story of early Boer settlers who carved their homesteads from a wilderness held by savage Zulu tribesmen.

The romance between the film's co-stars, Tyrone Power, playing a dedicated empire builder, and the self-willed Irish girl of Susan Hayward, is also a tempestuous affair.

The headstrong pair meet in Ireland where Power purchases new mounts for his African troopers. Their stormy affair ends in South Africa.

Photographed in CinemaScope and DeLuxe color, "Untamed" stars newly popular Richard Egan as a sinister Boer outlander, British John Justin has a main feature role.

TYRONE POWER (above), red-jacketed and handsomely mounted to ride to hounds, cuts a striking figure as a member of an Irish hunting party in an early sequence of the colorful adventure film "Untamed." The story reaches its climax in South Africa, where the settlers are establishing a colony despite savage Zulu attacks.



DANCING at a ball (right) in County Limerick, Katie O'Neill (Susan Hayward) and Paul Van Riebeck (Tyrone Power), a Boer leader, attempt to cover their mutual attraction with outward coolness.







*COLUMN OF BOER COMMANDOS led by Paul Van Riebeck (Tyrone Power) makes contact with a native scout before venturing into dangerous Zulu territory. In "Untamed" it is the job of this small band of slouch-hatted men to escort colonists through the wasteland.*



*LEFT. Watched by her indulgent Irish maid (Agnes Moorehead), left, Katie (Susan Hayward) plays with her baby son. In the drama Katie is widowed when her young husband (John Justin) loses his life in a Zulu attack.*

*BALL GOWN (above) worn by Susan Hayward to celebrate the immigrants' arrival at the site of a proposed African colony pleases the children. It also wins the approval of Richard Egan, a trek leader and the film's villain.*





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**1 SHIPMATES** Danny (Russ Tamblyn), left, and Rico (Vic Damone), right, suspect all is not well at home when Bill (Tony Martin) is brushed off by his long-time fiancée, Ginger (Ann Miller).



**2 SURPRISE** falls flat when Rico drops in on his mother (Kay Armen). Her new suitor, Mr. Peroni, a florist (J. Carrol Naish), is stunned to find that her little boy is really an adult sailor.



**3 VISITING** his father, Admiral Daniel Smith (Walter Pidgeon), and sister, Susan (Jane Powell), Danny is upset to learn Susan is in love with a cad.

## HIT THE DECK

Melody, mirth, and romance are the ingredients of Metro's new CinemaScope color musical, "Hit the Deck," which introduces top entertainment stars in pleasantly predictable situations.

Set in San Francisco during a 48-hour leave of three ocean-weary sailors, the story behind the music unwinds against the backgrounds of a waterfront cabaret, and backstage and onstage of a musical comedy show.



**4 DANCER** Carol Price (Debbie Reynolds) attracts Danny. With her help the three sailors find and rough up Susan's beau.



**5 COMPLAINT** lodged by producer Wendell Craig (Gene Raymond), left, against the attackers disillusioned Susan, who has told Craig that Danny is her brother. In any case, she rather likes Rico.



**6 GLOOMY** young people await the worst. Later the party breaks up when an all-in argument develops, but later still, separately and satisfactorily, each couple manages to get together again.



**7 CARPETED** next day, the three sailors stand rigidly to attention while the Admiral berates them. Eventually Danny manages to tell his father that it was Susan who caused the fight.



**8 PLACATING** the angry women, who storm Navy H.Q., Lieut. Jackson (Richard Anderson) tells them the situation is in hand, for he prevented the producer from pressing charges against the boys.



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AWW:55



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Mind if we speak frankly and to the point? No matter how carefully you bathe or shower beforehand, that alone will not ensure dainty freshness.

You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

A safe way to make sure that you are "nice to be near" is to eat one or two Chloro-Phillies deodorant tablets. Pleasant-tasting Chloro-Phillies stop perspiration odours before they start, and a special instant-acting ingredient helps give you a sweet and wholesome breath. Be flower-fresh in breath & body with Chloro-Phillies—and you'll have a wonderful time!



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## Talking of Films

★★ **Sadko**  
THE Soviet-made color musical fantasy "Sadko" offers a fascinating experience in film-going.

It is generally accepted as being the first Soviet film made with a calculating eye to markets outside the Iron Curtain.

Based on the Rimsky-Korsakov opera of the same name, it tells of the adventures of a strolling minstrel who believes that the lot of the poor of Novgorod can be relieved only if he voyages to a distant land and there finds the bird of happiness.

His adventures take him to chill Varangian shores, past pyramids and palms, and finally to an exotic Eastern kingdom, where he learns that the magic Phoenix bird is held in a golden tower in the prince's palace.

Only when he captures her does Sadko realise that the true secret of happiness lies for all men at home.

The Phoenix, with her woman's head and bird's body,

is an outstanding example of Moscow Film Studio ingenuity. But it is a little disconcerting to find what appears to be Myrna Loy's face arising from the sleek wing feathers.

A somewhat chill and chaste love interest is supplied by a noble-browed actress named A. Larionova as the maiden who waits at home.

As Sadko, the Soviet actor S. Stolyarov is a heroic figure on the grand scale, unabashed and unafraid to look good and squarely into the camera. None of the principal players, it may be said, suffers from this inhibition.

The artistic direction is sometimes magnificently successful, sometimes, to Western eyes, naive and childish. The color, quite exceptionally beautiful in parts, in others, notably the over-peopled crowd scenes, becomes unvaried and oppressive.

The costuming and set decoration achieve remarkable opulence. But too often one is aware of the painted backdrop, and longs for the sturdier Hollywood carpentry.

Dialogue is in Russian and

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

the English sub-titles are a good deal more acceptable than many that come with foreign-language films.

In Sydney — Savoy.

★ **Edward and Caroline**  
A SOPHISTICATED modern comedy, "Edward and Caroline" suffers somewhat by the confined action imposed by its adaptation from the successful French stage play.

The action moves between the littered living quarters of the young musician, Edward, and his wife, Caroline, to the grand apartment of Caroline's wealthy Uncle Jean.

Edward's big chance to become known to "those who matter" comes when he is invited to play at a party given by Jean. A quarrel with Caroline before leaving and her late appearance at the party with Jean's wolfish son, Alain, cause Edward to break down during his performance.

The bored American big-businessman husband of a frivolous Paris society leader is nevertheless impressed, and on the note of his offer to finance Edward in a concert the film reaches a tidy ending.

Australian-born Betty Stockfield, not seen on local screens for many years, makes a mature appearance as a rival society leader.

The film's slight story is enlivened throughout by director Jacques Becker's lightening touch and his malicious observation of the bores, poseurs, and extravers who are Jean's guests.

As the snobbish, petty host, Claude Beauchamp gives a performance that is a joy. Anne Vernon, as the lively and flighty Caroline, is charming, and as Edward Daniel Gelin manages to sustain the role of a tough, temperamental pianist even when wearing nothing but bikini underpants.

Incidentally, this film de France presentation is remarkable for being the first French film to acknowledge its lingere-maker in the credit list.

The dialogue is French, with English sub-titles.

In Sydney — Paris.

WIN MIN THAN, the Burmese beauty who co-starred opposite Gregory Peck in "The Purple Plain," says Western women are to be pitied rather than envied. The lovely Win, who arrived in Hollywood on the last lap of a nine-city tour of the U.S., believes that nothing in a woman's life, not even a career as a movie star, should take precedence over her marriage.

"Burmese women like to remember that they are the weaker sex, and they like the men to remember this, too," she says. "They like to be spoiled, cherished, and protected."

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★★ "On the Waterfront," drama, starring Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden. Plus ★ "The Outlaw Stallion," technicolor Western, starring Phil Carey, Dorothy Patrick, Billy Gray.

CENTURY.—★ "The Barefoot Contessa," technicolor drama, starring Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—"Modern Times," comedy, starring Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard. (Re-release, review not available.) Plus "Flannelyfoot," thriller, starring Mary Gemaine, Ronald Howard.

LIBERTY.—★ "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in MetroScope, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "The Million Pound Note," technicolor period comedy, starring Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths. Plus ★ "The Wide Boy," mystery, starring Susan Shaw, Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—"Wuthering Heights," drama, starring Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, David Niven. Plus "Trouble Preferred," comedy, starring Lynne Roberts, Peggy Knudsen. (Both re-releases, reviews not available.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Dial M For Murder," Warnercolor thriller, starring Ray Milland, Grace Kelly. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★ "Edward and Caroline," French-language comedy, starring Daniel Gelin, Anne Vernon. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★★ "Sabrina," romantic comedy, starring Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★★ "There's No Business Like Show Business," musical comedy in technicolor CinemaScope, starring Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitz Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Deep In My Heart," musical biography in Eastmancolor MetroScope, starring Jose Ferrer, Merle Oberon. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★ "Sadko," Russian color fantasy, with music by Rimsky-Korsakov. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "The Strange Desire of Monsieur Bard," French-language comedy, starring Michel Simon, Yves Deniaud.

STATE.—★★ "Doctor In The House," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall. Plus ★ "Life In The Arctic," true-life adventure in color.

#### Films not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"Tiffield Thunderbolt," technicolor comedy, starring Stanley Holloway, John Gregson, Naunton Wayne.

PALACE.—"The Mobster," thriller, starring Edmund Lowe, Anne Jeffreys, Lawrence Tierney. Plus "Bad Men of Tombstone," Western, starring Broderick Crawford, Barry Sullivan.

PLAZA.—"White Feather," Western in CinemaScope color, starring Robert Wagner, Debra Paget, Jeffrey Hunter. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"The Saracen Blade," technicolor period drama, starring Ricardo Montalban, Bette St. John. Plus "Drive a Crooked Road," mystery, starring Mickey Rooney, Dianne Foster.

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ANSELL—THE HOUSEHOLD NAME IN RUBBER.



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**ANSELL — THE HOUSEHOLD NAME IN RUBBER**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 27, 1939



to the end of your catalogue of my past crimes? What is my present offence?"

Mr. Monkaleigh, having been obliged to offer his guardian an apology, now found it extremely difficult to hurl his culminating accusation at him with anything approaching the passion requisite to convince him of the magnitude of the charge, and of his own desperate sincerity. He had been forced into a position of disadvantage, and the knowledge of this filled him with annoyance rather than with noble rage. He said sulkily: "You have ruined my life!"

It had sounded better when he had uttered it in the Green Saloon. If Rotherham had been privileged to have heard it then, it would have shocked him out of his scornful indifference, and might even have penetrated his marble heart, and touched him with remorse. It certainly would not have amused him, which was the only effect it appeared now to have upon him. Venturing to steal a glance at him, Gerard saw that he was faintly smiling. The relaxing of his face from its appalling grimace, the quenching of the menacing glitter in his eyes, enabled Gerard to breathe much more easily, but did nothing to endear his guardian to him.

Flushing angrily, he said: "You think that ridiculous, I daresay?"

"Completely ridiculous!"

"Yes! Because you have no more sensibility yourself than a stone, you think others have none!"

"On the contrary! I am continually being sickened by the excessive sensibility displayed by so many persons of my acquaintance. But that is beside the point! Don't keep me in suspense! How have I so unexpectedly achieved what you are persuaded has been my object for years?"

"I never said that! I dare say you may not have intended to destroy all my hopes! I can readily believe you never so much as thought of what must be my sensations when I

heard—when I discovered—" "Do try to cultivate a more orderly mind!" interposed Rotherham. "The very fact that I take a malicious pleasure in thwarting you shows intention. I ought to have sent you to Oxford after all. Clearly, they don't make you study logic at Cambridge."

"Oh, be quiet!" exclaimed Gerard. "You think me a child, to be roasted and sneered at, but I am not!" His underlip quivered; angry tears sprang to his eyes. He brushed them away, saying in a breaking voice, "You did not even tell me—! You left me to discover it, weeks afterwards, when you must have known—you must have known the shock—the c-crushing blow it would be to me—!" His pent-up emotions choked him. He gave a gasp and buried his face in his hands.

Rotherham's brows snapped together. He stared at Gerard for a moment, and then rose, and walked across the room to where a side-table stood, bearing upon it several decanters and glasses. He filled two of the glasses, and returned with them, setting one down upon his desk. He dropped a hand on Gerard's shoulder, gripping it not unkindly.

"Enough! Come, now! I've told you I don't like an excess of sensibility! No, I am not roasting you: I see that things are more serious than I had supposed. Here's some wine for you! Drink it, and then tell me without any more nonsense what it is that I have done to upset you so much!"

The words were scarcely sympathetic, but the voice, although unemotional, was no longer derisive. Gerard said thickly, "I don't want it! I—"

"Do as I bid you!"

The voice had sharpened. Gerard responded to it involuntarily, starting a little. He took the glass in his unsteady hand, and gulped down some of its contents. Rotherham retired again to his chair

## Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 5

behind the large desk, and picked up his own glass.

"Now, in as few words as possible, what is it?"

"You know what it is," Gerard said bitterly. "You used your rank—and your wealth—to steal from me the only girl I could ever care

frowning again, the eyes beneath them narrowed, very hard and bright. "It would have made no difference, except that I should have informed you of the event. I am sorry if the news came as a blow to you, but at your age you will very speedily recover from it."

This speech, uttered as it was in a cold voice, was any-



fort!" He perceived that Rotherham was staring at him with sudden intentness, and added, "Miss Laleham!"

Rotherham gave an exclamation of blank astonishment, but Gerard said: "You knew very well—must have known!—that I—that she—"

"No doubt!—had I half the interest in your affairs with which you credit me! As it is, I did not know." He paused and sipped his wine, looking at Gerard over the rim of the glass, his brows

thing but soothing to a young gentleman suffering the pangs of his first love affair. It was evident that Rotherham thought his passion a thing of very little account; and his suggestion that it would soon be forgotten, instead of consoling Gerard, made his bosom swell with indignation.

"So that is all you have to say! I might have known how it would be! Recover from it!"

"Yes, recover from it," said Rotherham. His lips curled.

"I should be more impressed by these tragedy airs if it had not taken you so long to make up your mind to enact me an affecting scene! I know not how many weeks it is since the engagement was announced, but—"

"I came into Gloucestershire the instant I knew of it!" Gerard said, half starting from his chair. "I never saw the announcement! When I'm up at Cambridge, very often I don't look at a newspaper for days on end! No one told me until only the other day, when Mrs. Maldon asked me—asked me—if I was acquainted with the future Lady Rotherham! I was astonished, as may be supposed, to learn that you were engaged, but that was as nothing to the horror and stupefaction which held me speechless, when Em—Miss Laleham's name was disclosed!"

"I wish you were still suffering from horror and stupefaction, if that is the effect such feelings have upon you!" broke in Rotherham. "If you would play-act less, I might believe more! As it is— He shrugged. "You came down at the beginning of June, it is now August, your mother is well aware of my engagement, and you say you heard no mention of it until a few days ago? Coming it too strong, Gerard! The truth is that you've talked yourself into this fine frenzy—putting on airs to be interesting!"

Gerard was on his feet, color flaming in his cheeks.

"You shall unsay that! How dare you give me the lie! I have not seen my mother—that is, I had not done so until yesterday! I went with the Maldons to Scarborough! When I learned of the engagement I posted south immediately!"

"What the devil for?"

"To put a stop to it!" Gerard said fiercely.

"To do what?"

"Yes! It did not occur to you that I might thrust a spoke into your wheel, did it?"

"No, and it still does not."

"We shall see! I know, as surely as I stand here—"

"Which won't be very surely,

if I have to listen to much more of this rodomontade!"

"You cannot silence me by threats, my lord!"

"It seems improbable that you could be silenced by anything short of a gag. And don't call me my lord! It makes you appear even more absurd than you do already."

"I care nothing for what you may think of me, or for your jibes! Emily does not love you—cannot love you! You have forced her into this horrible engagement! You and her mother between you! And I say it shall not be!"

Rotherham was once more lying back in his chair, the derisive smile on his lips. "Indeed? And how do you propose to stop it?"

"I am going to see Emily!"

"Oh, no, you are not!"

"Nothing—nothing will prevent me! I know well how the business was accomplished; I was out of the way, she, so gentle, so timid, so friendless, a dove, fluttering unavailingly in—the clutches of a vulture (for so I think of Lady Laleham, curse her!) and of a wolf! She, I say— He broke off, for Rotherham had given a shout of laughter.

"Oh, I don't think the dove would do much fluttering in such a situation as that!" he said.

Gerard, white with fury, hammered his fist on the desk between them. "Ay, a splendid lead, isn't it? Almost as droll as to jest to the altar a girl whose heart you know to be given to another! But you will not do it!"

"I probably shouldn't. Are you asking me to believe that her heart has been given to you?"

"It is true, for all your sneers! From the moment I first saw her, at the Assembly, last Christmas, we became attached!"

"Very likely. She is a beautiful girl, and you were the first young man to come in her way. You both enjoyed an agreeable flirtation. I've no objection."

"It was not a flirtation! It endured! When she came to

To page 56



## Are you in the know?

When asked where you'd like to go?

- ☐ Have a plan or two
- ☐ Pick the most expensive
- ☐ Shrug your shoulders

If that new man leaves things up to you—the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on the Plush Room. Make suggestions and let him choose the one that suits his financial bracket. No matter what it is you can face it confidently even on certain occasions . . . with Kotex. Never a chafe, never a revealing line. Feather-soft edges and flat pressed ends look after those, and Kotex is the only napkin with these exclusive features. Extra absorbency, too, keeps you comfortable for hours. If you haven't yet tried it you'll be amazed. Kotex is now the most absorbent napkin ever offered on the Australian market. Prove this yourself.

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What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

- ☐ Softening
- ☐ Stretching
- ☐ Brushing

If you're a frizz kid don't fret. Have your hair shaped and thinned out. After each wash use a softening rinse; apply wave set to stretch hair while putting into orderly pin curls. Constant brushing helps, too. Smooth problem day cares with soft Kotex—that stays soft and keeps its shape. No trouble about "which side to wear it". Kotex has its exclusive safety centre right in the middle.



What does a rainbow mean to you?

See the Kotex belt dispenser on your chemist's counter with its five different coloured packets—each one a different type of Kotex belt. Choose the one that suits you best.



Three guesses what's in this refrigerator?

- ☐ Midnight snacks
- ☐ An angora sweater
- ☐ Frankenstein

Think she's searching for a snack. Not her. She's retrieving her angora sweater. If your sweater's a fuzz shedder wrap in a hand towel and pop in the cooler overnight. Makes the fuzz stay put. So you're not befuzzled when that time catches you unawares buy new Kotex Double Pack. 24 napkins wrapped in one pack. Saves remembering, and you'll have a few left over for next time. Buy a new belt at the same time.

ONE DOZEN PACK  
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HAND BEAUTY CREAM

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE  
KEEP IT HANDY!

MEDIUM LARGE GIANT ECONOMY

## Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 55

London, before you had cast your—your predatory eye in her direction, the attachment between us had been confirmed! Had it not been for the odious pretensions of her mother, who would not listen to my offer, it would not have been your engagement that was announced, but mine!

"Rid your mind of that illusion at least! I should not have permitted you to become engaged to Miss Laleham or to anyone else."

"I can believe it! But I do not admit your right to interfere in what concerns me so nearly!"

"What you admit doesn't signify. Until you come of age I have rights over you of which you don't appear to have the smallest conception. I have not chosen to exercise very many of these, but I will tell you now that I shall allow you neither to entangle yourself in an engagement, nor to embarrass your affianced wife by obtruding yourself upon her."

"Obtruding—! Ha! So you fancy she would be embarrassed, do you, cousin?"

"If you subjected her to such a scene as this, I imagine she would be thrown into a fever. She is recovering from a severe attack of influenza."

"Is she?" said Gerard, with awful sarcasm. "Or was it a severe attack of the Marquis of Rotherham? I know that she has been hidden from me: that I learned at Cherrifield Place this very day! From Lady Laleham I expected to hear nothing of Emily's present whereabouts! She would take good care not to let me come near Emily! Now it appears that you, too, are afraid to disclose her direction! That tells its own tale, Cousin Rotherham!"

"I have not the smallest objection to disclosing her direction," replied Rotherham. "She is visiting her grandmother in Bath."

"In Bath!" cried Gerard, his face lighting up.

"Yes, in Bath. But you, my dear Gerard, will not go to Bath. When you leave this house you will return to London, or to Scarborough, if you like: that's all one to me!"

"Oh, no, I shall not!" countered Gerard. "It is not in your power to compel me! You have told me where I may find Emily, and find her I will! She must tell me with her own lips that her feelings have undergone a change, that she is happy in her engagement, before I will believe it! I tell you this because I scorn to deceive you! You shall never say that I went without informing you of my intention!"

"I shall never say that you

went at all," said Rotherham, thrusting back his chair and rising suddenly to his feet. "And I will tell you why, cockerell! You dare not! For just so long as I will bear with you, you crow a puny defiance! But when my patience cracks you have done with crowing! Beneath all this bombast you are so much afraid of me that one look is enough to make you cringe!" He gave a bark of laughter.

"You disobey my commands! I wish I may see it! You haven't enough spirit to do so much as keep your knees from knocking together when I comb you down! I know exactly what you will do in this case. You will boast of what you have a very good mind to do, play the broken-hearted lover to gain the sympathy of the credulous, whine to your mother about my tyranny, and give as an excuse for your chickenheartedness the fear that if you failed to respond to my hand on your bridle I should wreak my vengeance on your brothers! What you will not say is that you fear my spurs! But that is the truth!"

GERARD had turned as white as his posthumous shirt-points, trembling a little, and breathing jerkily, but his burning eyes were fixed on Rotherham's face, and did not flinch from the piercing challenge of those contemptuous grey ones. His hands were clenched at his sides. He whispered, "I would like to kill you!"

"I don't doubt it. You would probably like to hit me, too, but you won't do it. Nor will you treat me to any more of your heroics. You may remain here tonight, but tomorrow you will return whence you came."

"I wouldn't remain another instant under your roof for anything you might offer me!" Gerard gasped.

"Gerard, I said I would have no more heroics!"

"I am leaving Claycross—now!" Gerard spat at him, and plunged towards the door.

"Not so fast! You are forgetting something!" Gerard paused and looked over his shoulder. "You told me that your pockets were to let, which is not surprising, after all this posting about the country. How much do you want?"

Gerard stood irresolute. To spurn this offer would be a splendid gesture, and one which he longed to make; on the other hand, there were the post-

charges to be paid, and then a month to be through before he received next quarter's allowance, sense of dramatic value ragged by what he perceived to be an anti-climax of a particularly galling nature, and in anything but a grateful mood that he said, "I shall be to you if you will advance fifty pounds, cousin!"

"Oh, you will, will you? what shall I be expected to advance midway through the quarter?"

"Rest assured that I shall ask you to advance a penny!" said Gerard grimly.

"You wouldn't dare to, you?" said Rotherham, holding a court-cupboard at the of the room and taking from a strong-box. "You apply to your mother."

Since it appears to be your fault that you are at a still, I'll let you have your pounds. Next time you upbraid me, do it by letter."

"If you refuse to advance my own money I will accept yours as a loan," declared Gerard. "I shall you the instant I come of age."

"As you please," said Rotherham, unlocking the strong-box.

"And I will give you my of-hand!"

"By all means. You'll a pen on my desk."

Gerard cast him a look acute loathing, snatched the quill, dragged a sheet of paper at random from a shelf, and in trembling haste wrote promise to pay. He then the quill down and said, "I shall meet that on the gain possession of my pen at latest! And, if I can't give it, much sooner!"

He then crammed the held out to him into his pocket and hurried from the room, slamming the door behind him. Rotherham put his strong away and walked slowly to his desk. He picked up the note-of-hand, and began, distractedly, to tear it into shreds, his brows lowering, his lips compressed. The opened again and he glanced quickly.

It was his steward who entered, and who said in a but resolute voice: "My lady will please allow me to speak with you!"

"Well?"

"I saw Mr. Gerard as he the house, my lord. It is for me to remonstrate with but since there is no one to do it, I must! You not let him go like that!"

"I'm glad he has gone."

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## IRON-ON TRANSFERS

IRON-ON TRANSFERS require no stitching. You simply iron them on in seconds, and they give the effect of hand embroidery.

THE gaily colored iron-on motifs of chuckling elephants and two Mexican figures featured on transfer sheet No. 1005B, shown left, are ideal for decorating children's play-clothes, tray-cloths, guest-towels, and for a hostess' apron, illustrated right. The apron has a straight, gathered skirt with a large pocket and a smart pinafore top.

Five color-fast iron-on motifs are given on transfer sheet No. 1005B, measuring 10½ in. x 5½ in., priced at 2/-. A paper pattern for the flattering hostess' apron is available in sizes 32 in. to 38 in. bust and is priced at 2/-. Both transfer sheet and pattern can be had for 4/- from our Needlework Department. See address, page 77.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 27, 1957







her that Emily could have any feeling for any other man than her betrothed, but she was well aware that Emily was apt (in the most innocent way to give rather more encouragement than was seemly in her situation to her admirers. It was all very well for the chit to talk in that misleadingly confiding way of hers to a steady young fellow like Ned Goring, whom one could trust to take no liberties; quite another for her to be giving this smart town sprig to think that she would welcome a flirtation.

But when, after Gerard had escorted the two ladies back to Beaufort Square, very politely giving Mrs. Floore his arm, she told Emily that it would not do for her to be too friendly with such a handsome young beau, Emily looked surprised, and said: "But he is such a splendid dancer, Grandma! Must I not stand up with him? Why ought I not? He is quite the thing, you know!"

"I daresay he's of the first stare, pet, but would his lordship like it? That's what you ought to think of, only you're such a flighty little puss—well, there!"

"Oh, but Lord Rotherham could have not the least objection!" Emily assured her. "Gerard is his ward. They are cousins."

That, of course, put a very different complexion on the matter, and made Mrs. Floore exclaim against Emily for not having told her so in time for her to have invited Mr. Monksleigh to dine with them. But that was soon rectified. She took Emily to the ball, and there was Mr. Monksleigh, natter than ever in evening dress, his ordered locks glistening with Russia Oil, and the many swathes of his neckcloth obliging him to hold his head very much up.

Several young ladies watched his progress across the room with approval, most of the gentlemen with tolerant amusement, and Mr. Guynette who had attempted unavailingly to present him to a lady lacking a partner for the bouncer, with strong disapprobation.

Gerard was in no mood for dancing, but since there

## Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

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seemed to be no other way of detaching Emily from her grandmother, he led her into the set that was just forming, saying urgently: "I must see you alone! How may it be contrived?"

She shook her head wonderingly. "Grandmama would not like it! Besides, everyone would stare!"

"Not here! But we must meet! Emily, I have only just learnt of this—this engagement you have entered into! Have been forced into it! I know you cannot—I have come all the way from Scarborough to see you! Quickly, where may we meet?"

Her hand trembled in his; she whispered: "Oh—I don't know! It is so dreadful! I am very unhappy!"

He caught his breath. "I knew it!"

There was no time for more; they were obliged to take their places in the set; to school their countenances; and to exchange such conversation as was suitable to the occasion. When the movement of the dance brought them together, Gerard said: "Will your grandmama permit me to visit her?"

"Yes, but pray take care! She said I must not be too friendly, only then I told her you were Lord Rotherham's ward, and so she will ask you to dine with us, and go to the Sydney Gardens tomorrow. Oh, Gerard, I do not know what to do!"

He squeezed her fingers. "I have come to save you!" he muttered dramatically, and then the movement of the dance separated them.

She found nothing to smile at in this announcement, but threw him a look brimful of gratitude and admiration as they parted again, and waited hopefully to know how her rescue was to be accomplished.

She had to remain in suspense until the following evening; and when he was at last able to disclose his plans to her, she found them disappointing.

After dining in Beaufort

Square, and taking immense pains to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Floore, Gerard accompanied the ladies to the Sydney Gardens, where various entertainments, ranging from illuminations to dancing, were provided for Bath's visitors. Here, by great good fortune, a crony of Mrs. Floore's was encountered, who had been staying at Lyme Regis for some weeks. The two ladies naturally had much gossip to exchange, and when they were fairly launched in intimate conversation, Gerard seized the opportunity to beg permission to take

the air of an exquisite, her eyes twinkled appreciatively, and she decided that however much pride and sensibility the Marquis might have he could scarcely take exception to Emily's accepting the escort of so callow a young gentleman.

Since two or three thousand persons were in the Gardens, it was some little time before Gerard could find a vacant, and sufficiently secluded nook to appropriate. All his mind was concentrated on this, but Emily, who possessed the faculty of living only in the immediate present, kept on stopping to exclaim at Merlin grottoes, or cascades, or festoons of colored

for all, and failed to perceive that the prospect of becoming a Marchioness had strongly attracted her. Nor had he the smallest suspicion that her sentiments towards himself had undergone a change.

She had been taken quite by surprise. She had had no notion that Rotherham had a decided preference for her, for although he had been her host at the Rotherham House ball, it had been Mrs. Monksleigh whose name had figured on the invitation card, and she had quite thought that he had had nothing to say in the matter.

"He never troubled himself at all, that you may be sure of!" said Gerard. "I made Mama invite you!"

"Oh, did you? How very kind that was of you! I never enjoyed anything half as much, did you? It was a magnificent ball! I had no notion how grand Rotherham House is! So many handsome saloons, and hundreds of footmen, and that huge crystal chandelier in the ballroom, sparkling like diamonds, and your Mama standing at the head of the great staircase—"

"Yes, yes, I know!" Gerard said, a trifle impatiently. "But Rotherham didn't even solicit you to dance, did he?"

"Oh, no! He only said how do you do to me, and of course I had no expectation of his asking me to stand up with him, with so many grand people there! In fact, until we—became engaged, I never did dance with him, except that once, at Quenbury. We were for ever meeting, at parties, you know, and he was always very civil to me, and sometimes he paid me a compliment, only—only—I don't know how it is, but when he says a thing that sounds pretty, he does so in a way that—Well, in a way that makes one feel that he is being satirical!"

"You need not tell me that!" said Gerard, with a darkling look. "When did he commence making up to you?"

"Oh, never! In fact, I had no notion he was disposed to like me, for whenever he talked to me it was in a quizzing way, which put me quite

out of countenance. So you imagine my astonishment when Mama told me he had offered for me! Mama says he behaved with the greatest propriety exactly as he ought."

"Behaved with the greatest propriety?" echoed Gerard credulously. "Cousin Rotherham? Why, he doesn't give groat for such stuff! He always does just as he chooses, and doesn't care for ceremony, for having distinguished manners, or for showing proper observance, or anything like that!"

"Oh, yes, Gerard, he does!" Emily said earnestly, raising her eyes to his face. "He becomes dreadfully vexed if one does behave just as he says one ought, or—if one is shy, as does not know how to talk to people! He—says very cutting things, doesn't he? If he angers him!"

"So he has treated you to a devilish ill-humor already, has he?" demanded Gerard, his eyes kindling. "Pretty conduct towards his betrothed, upon my word! It is just as I thought. He does not love you! I believe he wishes to marry you only in spite of me!"

She shook her head, turning away her face. "No, no! He does love me, only—Oh, I don't want to be married to him!"

"You shall not be!" he said vehemently, seizing her hand, and kissing it. "I cannot think how you could have consented. That he should have behaved to you in such a way—"

"Oh, no! Not then!" she explained. "How could I say would not, when Mama had arranged it, and was so pleased with me? It is very wrong not to obey one's parents, and even Papa was pleased, too, for he said that after all I was no such a complete zero as he had thought. And Mama said I should learn to love Lord Rotherham, and he would give me everything I could possibly desire, besides making me a great lady, with all those houses, and my own carriage, and a Marchioness's robes, and there should happen to be a Coronation, which, of course

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Emily to look at the waterfalls, which had all been illuminated for the occasion.

"I will take good care of her, ma'am!" he promised.

Mrs. Floore nodded indulgently. She still thought him an agreeable youth, but he would have been affronted had he known how swiftly and how accurately she had summed him up. He was, in her estimation, a harmless boy, scarcely fledged as yet, but anxious to convince everyone that he was a buck of the first head. She had been much amused, at dinner, by the carelessness with which he related anecdotes of the fashionable world; and when, encouraged by a good-nature which he mistook for respect, he played off a few of

lanterns. However, he eventually discovered a discreet arbor, persuaded her to enter it, and to sit down upon the rustic bench there.

Seating himself beside her, he clasped her mitted hand, and uttered: "Tell me the whole!"

She was not articulate, and found this command hard to obey. Her account of her engagement was neither fluent nor coherent, but by dint of frequently interpolated questions he was able to piece the story together, if not entirely to understand the circumstances which had induced her to enter into an engagement with a man for whom she felt not a scrap of affection. He believed that her mother's tyranny accounted

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## Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 58

there must be, mustn't there? Because the poor King—"

"But, Emily, all that is nothing!" protested Gerard. "You would not sell yourself for a Marchioness' coronet!"

"No," agreed Emily, rather doubtfully. "I did think at first that perhaps— But that was when Lord Rotherham was behaving with propriety."

Aghast, and quite thunderstruck, Gerard demanded: "Do you mean to tell me that Rotherham—that Rotherham used you improperly? It is worse even than I guessed! I would never have believed—"

"No, no!" stammered Emily, blushing fiercely, and hanging down her head. "It was only that he is a man of strong passions! Mama explained it to me, and she said I must be flattered by—the violence of his feelings. But—I don't like to be k-kissed so roughly, and that makes him angry, and— Oh, Gerard, I am afraid of him!"

"He is the greatest beast in nature!" Gerard said, his voice shaking with indignation. "You must tell him at once that you cannot marry him!"

Her eyes widened in startled dismay. "C-cry off? I can't! M-mama would not allow me to!"

"Emily, dearest Emily, she cannot compel you to marry anyone against your will! You have only to be firm!"

Anything less firm than the appearance Emily presented as she listened to these brave words would have been hard to find. Her face was as pale as if it had a moment earlier been red, her eyes charged with apprehension, and her whole frame trembling. Nothing that he could urge seemed to convince her that it would be possible to withstand the combined assault of her mother and Lord Rotherham. The very thought of being forced to confront two such formidable persons made her feel faint and sick.

Moreover, the alternative to marriage, little though Gerard might think it, was almost worse, since it would carry with it no such alleviations as coronets and consequence. Mama had said that ladies who cried off from engagements were left to wear the willow all their days, and she was quite right, for only think of Lady Serena, so beautiful and clever, and still single! She would have to live at home, with Miss Pawle and the children, and be in disgrace, and see her sisters all married, and going to parties, and—oh, no, impossible! Gerard did not understand!

But Gerard assured her that none of these ills would come to pass—or, at any rate, only for a short time. For Gerard had evolved a cunning scheme, and he rather fancied that when

he had explained it to her his adored Emily would perceive that nothing could better have served their ends than her engagement to Rotherham and its rupture.

"For if you had not become engaged, dear love, your Mama would continue scheming to marry you to some man of rank and fortune, and I daresay she could never have been brought to listen to my suit. But when you have declared off with Rotherham, she will think it useless to persist, and she will very likely bring out Anne next season, and leave you in Gloucestershire."

"Anne?" exclaimed Anne's elder sister indignantly. "She will only be sixteen, and I could not endure it!"

"Yes, yes, only listen!" begged Gerard, alight with eagerness. "I come of age in November of 1817—very little more than a year from now! Then Rotherham will be obliged to put me in possession of my fortune—well, it is not precisely a fortune, but it brings me close on three hundred pounds a year, which is an independence, at least. I am not perfectly sure whether Rotherham would be obliged to pay it to me now, if I left Cambridge, because my father left it to me—well, to Cousin Rotherham in trust for me, until I am twenty-one—so that it should provide for my schooling and maintenance. Only Rotherham gives it to me for my allowance, and chose to pay for my education himself. I did not ask him to, and in fact, I would liefer he did not, because to be under an obligation to him is of all things what I most dislike! I daresay he sent me to Eton just to get me into his power!"

He hurried on: "However, never mind that! The thing is that I fear he can compel me to finish my time at Cambridge—and, you know, I do think perhaps I should, because I mean to embrace a political career, and to get my degree would be helpful, I expect. One of my particular friends is related to Lord Liverpool, and has interest with him, and he is very ready to oblige me. So you see that I have excellent prospects besides my poetry! Rotherham may not think that writing poetry is a gainful occupation, but only consider Lord Byron! Why, he must have made a fortune, Emily, and if he could so, why should not I?"

Emily, a little dazed by all this eloquence, could think of no reason why he should not, and shook her head wonderingly.

"No! Well, we shall see!" said Gerard. "I do not count upon it, mind, for public taste is so bad— But we needn't concern ourselves with that at

this present! This is what must do!—you must cry from this wicked engagement that's certain! I will go to Cambridge for my third year, and the instant I come down which will be next June, I seek an introduction to Lincolns—there will be no difficulty about that!—and establish myself in the way to successful career. Then, in November, when I come of age, and your Mama has despair of finding what she thinks eligible husband for you—er if you should receive an offer you must be resolute in declining it, you know!—I shall call for you again, and she will only too thankful! What do you think of that, dearest?"

She did not tell him. She was a very soft-hearted girl, besides being almost wholly deficient in moral courage, as she shrank from giving him her opinion of a scheme which no way recommended itself to her. She perceived that he entertained no doubts that his sentiments towards him were the same as they had been the spring, and to break it off him that although she still liked him very well she had no desire to marry him seemed to her to be an impossible task. She sought refuge in evasions, talks of filial duty, and said that Lady Serena had told her that it was a goose to be afraid of Lord Rotherham.

"Lady Serena!" he ejaculated. "Pray, why did she say that? I should very much like to ask her that home question!"

"Well, she is residing at Laura Place, with Lady Spenceborough," said Emily doubtfully, "but do you think you ought? She might think it an impertinence. Besides, she told me herself that she cried off because she and Lord Rotherham didn't suit. They quarrelled frequently that she became quite exhausted, but I can think she was afraid of him. She is afraid of nothing!"

"Lady Serena in Bath?" said Gerard, in a tone of considerably less elation. "I wish she were not!"

"Don't you like her?" asked Emily, shocked.

"Oh, yes! Well—yes, I like her well enough! I wish she may not tell Rotherham I am here, though! You know, in all she jilted him they are still wondrous great, and there's no telling what she might take into her head to do, for I am sure she is very odd and unaccountable. On no account, Emily, must you divulge to her the attachment between us!"

"Oh, no!" she said, glad to be able to accede to one at least of his demands.

"If I should chance to meet her I shall say that I came to Bath to visit a friend of mine. The only thing is, Cousin Rotherham forbade me to come here so—"

"He forbade you?" she cried, cast into renewed dismay. "You have not seen him, surely?"

"Certainly I have seen him!" he replied, throwing out his chest a little. "When Lady Laleham refused to disclose your whereabouts—"

She interrupted with a tiny shriek. "You have been to Cherrifield Place? Oh, Gerard, how could you? Whatever shall I do? If Mama knew—"

"Well, it can't be helped," he said rather sulkily. "How else was I to find you? And if I leave Bath immediately—as soon as we are agreed upon what we should both do, I mean—very likely she won't think anything of my visit. If she does, I think you should tell her that you would not listen to my suit, and that will make everything all right."

"Does Lord Rotherham know

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a source of interest only, without assuming any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	* Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are April 27 and 30. Wear an amusing ornament, odd color combinations, any modern design aiming at smartness.	* A mild risk in a business affair might pay off beyond your hopes, if you take the trouble to make a careful survey before committing yourself and budget accordingly.	* Some of you may find a new place to live, others may alter the position of furniture, or be busy making new curtains, or consider the placing of new ornaments.	* The man, or the girl, in your life may make you an expensive present, which could be embarrassing, since it is likely to call for a suitable return gift, and implies too much.	* Best for those seeking entertainment, at the theatre or places of amusement, which can be enjoyed without a great deal of preparation on your part.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	* Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are April 22 and 30. Wear all shades of grey, enhanced by a touch of blue, and you will help your personal fortunes.	* When you choose, you can be a good salesman, and now is the moment to display your wares: money-making flourishes, whether for yourself or someone else.	* Just now you may care little about artistic effect, and a great deal about the practical side of home making. You will be successful, if you follow your own ideas.	* Some of you may announce your engagement, and become the recipient of congratulations. Others may terminate an attachment which both of you have outgrown.	* Social activities reach an all-time high, if you belong to the younger set. The number of invitations you receive may keep you busy planning what you will wear.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	* Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are April 28 and 30. Black and white, such as shepherd's check, any weave having a graying effect, is fine in the business world.	* Be a good listener and keep silence about your own affairs; idle gossip can travel fast and make trouble which you never imagined. Least said, soonest mended.	* Springing a surprise on members of the household, you may discover the solution to a troublesome problem, which should be both economical and satisfactory.	* If you're a teen or twenty, that secret romantic thrill, which you see frequently on the bus, or in your office building, may take steps to seek an introduction.	* Best occasions this week are likely to be expeditions to familiar places, and it is probable that companionship may be limited to only one other person besides yourself.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	* Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are April 29 and May 1. Pin a bunch of violets on, or bring out an amethyst pin, if you wish to widen your social horizon.	* An appeal may be made to you to form a team and help out a worthy cause in moments of stress. You'll take pleasure in action and forget one or two old grudges.	* Be prepared for chance visitors who arrive unannounced. A guest already known, who should be both economical and satisfactory.	* You should meet more people and get new slants on those you already know. Comparisons are useful. Your beloved may be superior to other folk in many ways.	* One very big and important function will be the highlight of your social round. It gives you a peep into the lives of those with money; you are specially asked.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23	* Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are April 26 and May 1. Rustic brown provides the helpful keynote to your costume, if you are venturing into new circles.	* Do you prefer extra cash in your pocket, a blind-alley job, or are you prepared to get on with less money and excellent prospect? You may have to choose soon.	* You are judged by your home, and the prestige of your family may depend on the impression it makes on people who count. Taste, rather than money, is important.	* Show off the one you love, by giving him a chance to shine in your group. If the beloved has special accomplishments, provide the audience; you'll be proud.	* A tendency to scorn present social opportunities, because you have your mind on what you consider more important, could lead to loneliness. Don't neglect friends.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are April 28 and 30. Now is the moment to bring out that candy-pink blouse, or to wear those rose-colored beads, for luck.	* A few lucky subjects may be offered work which involves travel to a new part of the country and living there. Others turn an amateur spare-time task into a living.	* Brains must be used when you are obliged to make do with substitutes for what you would prefer to have. Watch publications for a suggestion, and adapt it.	* So you've recently met the one and only. Don't rush things; give your love affair a chance to jell. You can find much happiness in dreaming of each other.	* In conjunction with a small group of people, you may be taken up with carrying out a secret project. This might be a presentation to someone or a surprise party.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are April 26 and 29. Wear very pale pastel shades in blouse or frock, in small delicate patterns, for special occasions.	* Right now you want more money, and you may look for an opportunity, or try to convince the boss that you are worth more, but requests may be refused.	* A quiet week at home restores the nerves and builds energy for future activities. Everyone should be lazy at times; you'll soon be eager to tackle new projects.	* If married, the marriage partner may share a business secret with you. If still single, gossip may reach your ears in regard to future prospects of someone who attracts you.	* If older, the type of half-social, half-romantic friendship, with a member of the opposite sex, may reach a climax, become love, or fizzle out.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are April 27 and May 1. Sage green, lawn green, or brilliant Hunter's green, the latter as a belt or sash, bring romance.	* You may invest in a joint proposition, either in your business, social, or family world. Indications are that dividends might be both personal and financial.	* Happy relationships with the family, perhaps the celebration of a birthday or anniversary; you may bind those around you even more closely, and create harmony.	* Join with the one you have chosen, above all, in a project which includes you both; working together, you can not only hit the target, but cement personal ties.	* You may be left with a lot of work to do for some committee, which promises to help and soon fades away. At least there'll be no muddle if you're in charge.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 23	* Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are April 30 and May 2. All colors of the rainbow, if artistically combined, can add a touch of the exotic to your personality.	* This is the moment, if you so desire, to make changes in your occupation or to add extra qualifications. Housewives may enjoy increased income.	* Nutrition, the kind of food you eat, is likely to be the chief emphasis this week. Many of you will try out new, overseas dishes, even if you cannot travel abroad.	* If young and in love, be considerate, and see that the beloved is not kept out until late, for minor illnesses or nervous tension may result from lack of sleep.	* You may be left with a lot of work to do for some committee, which promises to help and soon fades away. At least there'll be no muddle if you're in charge.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 24—JANUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are April 26 and 28. Blues and pinks, particularly the pale, delicate shades, invite compliments from the opposite sex.	* Some investment, made a long time ago, may be sold at a good price, or you may cash in on a neglected asset, dispose of an article for which you have no use.	* Fun and games may take you right away from home. By locking up the house and busying off to visit, or to town, you'll change the direction of your thoughts.	* Your heart may be filled with more than one person, and more than one plan. If married, there may be an addition to the family. If single, you may help others.	* A giddy week, both for the young and the young in heart. You'll be doing things hitherto undreamed of, and loving every minute of it.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	* Lucky number this week, 2. Deep cream, off-white, or light bluish shades can attract excellent vibrations in connection with activities at home or abroad.	* Asked to take on a little extra responsibility? You may find the work slow-going at the start, but with practice, it may become easy and show a modest profit.	* Don't attempt too much at once. Pick on the thing about your home which you like least and give it serious, detailed thought. You may hit on an ingenious remedy.	* So there has been a dust-up with the friend. Just stay apart for a few days to cool off, then, if you really care for each other, forget the argument.	* Easing off, you are likely to be glad of bed and a book. A spot of leisure and the chance to get a perspective on recent interests could be more than welcome.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	* Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are April 27 and May 2. Materials with a shiny surface, raised patterns, or glittering costume jewellery will give you poise.	* Don't attempt to make minor repairs to household equipment, don't take home-made remedies suggested by neighbors. It's safer and cheaper to call an expert.	* A relative may help with advice, or lend a hand, in connection with some proposition, which greatly appeals to you, or a neighbor may be kind enough to fill the breach.	* Those who are planning a new activity, hobby, or course of study would be wise to try to include the beloved. You gain a mutual interest and travel together.	* Routine suits you just now. The regular night, the fixed arrangement, you'll know in advance exactly where you will be and when. This saves time and energy.

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## Continuing . . . . Bath Tangle

from page 60

"at you are here?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, I told him that I could come here, but ten to one he didn't believe I should be to disobey him. Indeed, I know he did not! He is set up in conceit of himself. But I fancy I have told him that he cannot browbeat me! I'm not afraid of him. Though I should wish not to be in Bath, if he should take it into his head to visit you," said Gerard, with perfect sincerity. "I don't mean, of course, that I shouldn't prefer to see him now, man to man, but the thing is that it would very likely ruin all if I did," he added, lapsing slightly.

Emily, both hands to her cheeks in a distracted gesture, said very little heed to this. "Oh heavens, what shall I do? Oh how could you, Gerard?"

"But I have told you what you must do!" he pointed out. "You have only to be resolute in refusing to continue in the engagement, and, although it may be a trifle unpleasant at first, I daresay, there is nothing either your mama or Rotherham can do to compel you to yield, recollect! Of course, it would not do, if you were to disclose that you are betrothed to me. It is the shabbiest thing that I'm not of age! If I were, and Rotherham had no legal power over me, I need not tell you that I should remain at your side, and see to it you were not scolded or bullied! But it is only for a little time, dearest, and then we shall be married!"

But Emily, deriving no comfort from this prospect, merely begged him to take her back to her grandmother, and declared herself to be incapable of deciding, without reflection, upon any course of action. She was so much agitated that Gerard saw that it would be useless to press her for an immediate promise. He could perceive no flaw in his plan, but he knew that females were easily alarmed by anything unexpected, besides not being possessed of superior intellects capable of grappling in a flash with all the aspects of a prob-

lem. So he said soothingly that she must consider all he had said, and tell him the result of her deliberations on the following day. Where should they meet?

Emily was at first inclined to think that they ought not to meet at all, but since he persisted in his determination, she said at last: "Oh, dear! I'm sure I shan't—Oh, I don't know how it may be contrived, unless Grandmama will let me go to Meyler's Library, while she is in the Pump Room, which I frequently do, because it adjoins it, you know, and

"But we can't talk in a crowded library!" objected Gerard. "I'll tell you what, Emily! You must pretend that you wish to change your book, but instead slip away to the Abbey! I shall be there, and it is only a very little way!"

Emily kept the appointment, but little was gained by the clandestine interview. She arrived at the Abbey doors in a flutter, because she had caught sight of one of Mrs. Floore's acquaintances on the way, and could not be sure that she had not herself been seen. It was in vain that Gerard assured her that the sight of an unattended damsel traversing the short distance between the Pump Room and the Abbey would not shock the most prudish person: Emily could not be easy. He drew her into the Abbey, but, as might have been foreseen, this was found to be over-full of visitors, wandering about it, and looking at its beauties and antiquities.

Even Gerard could not feel that he had chosen an ideal spot for the assignation; and as for Emily, she could lend him no more than half an ear, so much occupied was she in keeping a look-out for any more of Mrs. Floore's friends. In any event, it was only too plain that she was still in a state of miserable indecision, and the end of it was that they parted

with nothing settled but that they should meet again that evening at the theatre. Mr. Goring was coming to Bath later in the day, and had invited Mrs. Floore and Emily to go with him to the box he had procured.

This was just the sort of evening's entertainment which exactly suited Mrs. Floore, for not only did she enjoy any kind of spectacle, but the New Theatre being situated on the south side of Beaufort Square,

was an exercise to which she was not at all accustomed. However, Gerard was insistent, and she gave way, reflecting that it was unlikely that he would find an opportunity to be private with her.

She then sped back to the Pump Room, and Gerard, who had not journeyed into the west country prepared to make a prolonged stay, went off to purchase a shirt, and some additional neckcloths. It would have been too much to have said that his inamorata had disappointed him, but she



she could go to it without being obliged to order out her carriage. When people marvelled at her choosing to live in Beaufort Square, she pointed this advantage out to them, adding that on such evenings as she was alone she was able to sit in the window of her drawing-room, and watch who was attending the theatre, and thus avoid being moped to death.

Emily acquiesced in Gerard's suggestion that he should obtain a seat in the house, but she showed no enthusiasm at the prospect of being again urged to make up her mind. It

had certainly disconcerted him. When he was himself behaving with what he considered to be amazing resolution, it was a little hard to find that the person for whom he had made his brilliant plan showed so poor a spirit.

Moreover, he had hoped to have left Bath by midday, and to be kept kicking his heels indefinitely in such a dangerous locality was not at all what he liked. At any moment, Rotherham, suspicious of his intentions, might take it into his head to come to Bath, just to make sure he was not there;

and then, thought Gerard, where would they be?

It was as he emerged from a shop in Bond Street that he had the misfortune to encounter one of the perils which beset him. He heard himself hailed, in surprised accents, and looked round to see Lady Serena, escorted by a tall man of very upright bearing, waving to him. There was nothing for it but to cross the street towards her, summoning to his lips what he hoped was a delighted smile.

"Why, Gerard, how comes this about?" Serena said, giving him her hand. "What brings you to Bath?"

"A friend—a College friend of mine, ma'am!" he replied. "Has been begging me for ever to pay him a visit! He lives here, you see, with his family. At least, not here, but just beyond the town!"

"Indeed! Do you mean to make a long stay?" she asked kindly.

"No, oh, no! In fact, I am going back to London tomorrow." He then thought that she must wonder at his having come over a hundred miles only to spend a couple of days with his friends, and at once created another friend, living in Wiltshire, with whom he had been staying for several weeks.

Serena, taking only a casual interest in this, introduced him to Major Kirkby. They all three walked on to the end of the street, where Gerard took his leave, saying that he was pledged to meet his host in Westgate Street. He then walked quickly away down Parsonage Lane, and the Major and Serena, turning to the left, strolled along in the direction of Bridge Street.

"And who is that young fribble?" inquired the Major.

She laughed. "Rotherham's eldest ward. He is guardian to all his cousin's children, and a very bad guardian, too! He takes not the least interest in them, and this boy he holds in contempt, and is often, I think, very unkind to him. For there is no harm in Gerard, even if, in his efforts to be taken for a Bond Street beau, he does con-

trive to look very like a counter-coxcomb. I can see you thought him one!"

"Oh, no!" said the Major. "I have seen too many boys of his age trying to come the dandy! Most of them outgrow it quite speedily. He wasn't at all glad to meet you, was he?"

"Did you think he was not?" she said. "He's very shy, you know. I daresay you overawed him with your height and your grave countenance!"

"My grave countenance!" he repeated, a tinge of red creeping into it. "Is it so grave?"

"It has been grave since you returned to Bath," she told him. "Did you find something amiss at home?"

"Not exactly amiss—some tiresome business, too long neglected! My mother is not very well," said the Major, snatching at this excuse, and thankful for the first time in his life that his parent's chief diversion was to detect in herself unmistakable symptoms of some deep-seated disorder.

"I am so sorry!" Serena said, with quick sympathy. "I hope no serious illness?"

"No, I believe—that is, I trust not! The doctor was to visit her this morning."

"I shouldn't wonder at it if Bath is to blame. It was tolerable in the spring, but I know of no more enervating town to be in during the summer. It does not agree with Fanny, I know. Have you noticed how haggard she is looking? She says this heavy, windless weather we've endured now for a week makes her feel stuffed to death. I know exactly what she means, don't you? I am conscious of it myself. Everything seems to be an abominable fog, and one becomes languid in spirit and rather cross. That is to say, I become rather cross! Fanny was never cross in her life."

"Cross you may be, but not languid in spirit!" he said, smiling.

"Hipped, then, and on the fidgets!" She glanced up at him as she spoke, and saw that he was regarding her with a little trouble in his eyes. She slid her hand in his arm and

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## Is Your Outlook on Life Marred by the Misery of RHEUMATIC ACHES and PAINS?

Rheumatism, in its many forms, has been said to cause more misery than any other disease. Rheumatism knows no society—it attacks young and old alike, farmer and factory worker, the rich and the struggling. It keeps you at home—right out of the

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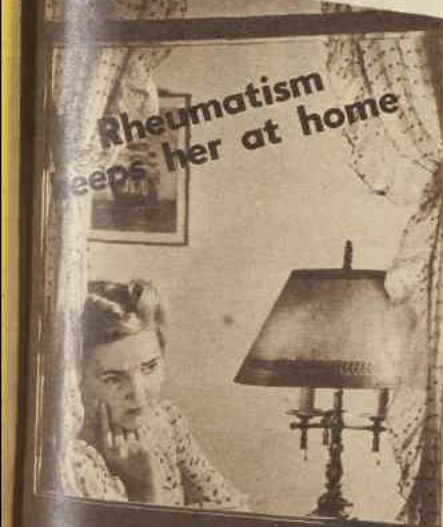
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 27, 1955



Page 63



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and film. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, every glass, every cup comes out gleaming; you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, with not a trace of film or streaking.

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# Geraniums rich in scent and color

Geraniums, among the hardiest of garden plants, are proving a fascinating study to home gardeners in Australia and abroad.

SOCIETIES have now been formed to further the culture of geraniums, to find out more about them, and to trace old varieties, the names of which have been lost in antiquity.

The Sydney Geranium Society has already found two varieties which were lost in Britain and are unknown in America. This society is affiliated with the Royal Horticultural Society of Great Britain and with the English Geranium Society.

More than 50 varieties of geraniums were exhibited at the Royal Easter Show in Sydney.

As well as being cultivated for their beauty and fragrance in the garden, the plants may be used in a number of housewifely ways.

Rose-bud geraniums, which are exactly like miniature roses, may be crystallised in the same way as violets for cake decoration.

The little muslin cushions grandmothers used to put under people's pillows to help them go to sleep were of equal parts of dried lavender, verbena, sweet-scented geranium leaves, and hops.

Botanically the geranium is a pelargonium, the name being derived from the resemblance of the seed to a stork, for which the Greek word is pelargos.

Most of the many cultivated forms can be grouped into five general classes.

- The zonal, horseshoe, or bedding types are the plants known generally as geraniums. Most of them are hybrids, derived from crossing species, and then crossing the first generation hybrids until a complicated pedigree is built up, and many of the crosses scarcely resemble the original plants.

They have a zone or horseshoe mark on the upper surfaces of the leaves. Sometimes it is insignificant, and in one color, but some varieties have green, white, red, and yellow on the same leaf; others are silver or gold banded.

Flowers vary widely. In some of the new double-flowered forms, they resemble balls of fluff.

- Ivy-leaved geraniums, weak, straggling plants with thick, shiny leaves, often prominently angle-lobed, form the second class. The two groups are crossed to produce hybrid ivy geraniums.

- Pelargoniums—show or fancy types—make up the third group. These are less hardy and require more care than geraniums. The flowers are beautifully marked.

- Scented-leaved geraniums, often known as rose geraniums, though the scents vary, form the fourth class. The flowers are insignificant.

The rose-scented geranium, which gives the group its name, is the most exquisitely perfumed, and closely resembles the species *Pelargonium graveolens*, seen in the picture at the foot of the page.

Other scents include peppermint, lemon, coconut, and nutmeg.

- In group five is *P. echinatum*, an oddity. It has a spine-like leaf appendage and small white-purple spotted flowers. Also in the group is the peppermint-scented *P. tomentosum*, which appears in the picture at the bottom of the page. It is of sprawling habit, soft-stemmed with long-stemmed velvety leaves.

Geraniums do best in soil that is not rich. A dry sand gives good results. Too much manure or fertiliser will produce rank leaf growth and little bloom.

Scented-leaf types will, therefore, take more feeding than flower-producing varieties. Full sunlight is best for all types.

Plants will be kept compact by pruning fairly hard after autumn flowering finishes.

Propagation is by cuttings of firm shoots taken in spring or summer and rooted in sand.

## GARDENING



MARCEL McMAHON, a decorative geranium with gold and bronze foliage, brightest when grown in full sun.



GERANIUMS growing round the well in Mrs. David Pratten's garden at Pymble. In the cream pot on the wall edge is an old variety, the name of which Mrs. Pratten hopes to trace in England on her next visit. There are five varieties in the bed.



A HEDGE PLANT (with pale pink flower), "Dreams," is seen in the lower sections of the picture. The double pink with the salmon centre is E. Herbert. The purple one is P. Dundas, and next to it is Mons. Emile David, then P. Prince Henry.



IN FRONT: Madame Salleron; nutmeg-scented *P. fragrans* (tiny white flowers). Behind these, Snowflake (single white flowers and coral-colored pollen). At back, Mons. Emile David (double red-and-white flowers); peppermint-scented *P. tomentosum*, and rose-scented *P. graveolens* add color and perfume.



MADAME SALLERON with silver-edged leaves, seen on both sides of this picture, is grown for foliage and does not flower usually. In the centre is a Golden Harry Hieover in bloom.



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## Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

[from page 63]

said in her funning voice, "You may take that as a compliment, if you please! Five days you were away! The only marvel is that I did not fall into a lethargy. I daresay I must have done so, had I not been occupied in thinking how shabbily I was used, and how best I should punish you!"

"Did you miss me?" he asked.

"Very much; it was a dreadful bore! I hope you missed me; it would be too bad if I were the only sufferer!"

He responded in kind, and spent the rest of the walk to Laura Place in telling her of the alterations to his house he meant to put in hand. He parted from her on her doorstep. She invited him to come in and to partake of a luncheon, but although he longed to see Fanny he knew that he must see her as seldom as possible, and he declined, saying that he had promised his mother to come home within the hour.

"I won't press you, then. Pray, give my love to Mrs. Kirkby, and tell her how sorry I am to hear that she is out of sorts!"

"Thank you, I will. Do we ride tomorrow, Serena?"

"Yes, indeed! Will you—Oh, confound it! Is not tomorrow Wednesday? Then I cannot. I promised I would ride with Emily to Farley Castle. Drive with me instead, later in the day!"

"Willingly! At what time?"

"A little before three o'clock? That is, if Mrs. Kirkby will spare you to me."

"Of course she will. I shall be here!" he promised.

She went into the house and up the stairs to the drawing-room, where Fanny was seated, with her embroidery-frame in front of her. She looked up

and smiled as Serena came in, but her eyes were heavy, and her cheeks rather wan.

Serena said quickly, "Fanny, have you the headache again?"

"It's nothing! Only a very little headache. I shall lie down presently, and soon be quite cured of it."

Serena stood looking down at her in some concern. "You look worn to a bone! Tell me, my

truthfully, Fanny! I'll go with you tomorrow if you would like it."

"Dear, dear Serena!" Fanny said, catching Serena's hand, and nursing it to her cheek. "So good to me! So very good to me!"

"Now, what in the world is this?" Serena rallied her. "I begin to think that you must be more sickly than I had guessed! I warn you, if you talk to me of my goodness—and in such a



dear, wouldn't you like to go away from Bath? I don't know how anyone can escape being invalidish here, it is so oppressive! Shall we go back to the Dover House?"

"No, no!" Fanny said. "Indeed, I'm not ill, dearest! I daresay if the sun would but shine I should be in a capital way again. I don't know how it is, but these hot, dull days always give me the headache."

"We only hired this house until the end of August," persisted Serena. "Why not leave it now? Do you say no because you think I don't wish to leave Hector? Tell me

melancholy voice!—I shall send for a doctor. Or shall it be the Dover House?"

"It shall be neither," Fanny said, with determined cheerfulness. "I don't at all wish to leave Bath before I must. Don't let us prose about my health! Did you hear any news in the town?"

"No news, but I saw a new face: Gerard Monksleigh's! I wish you might have seen him! Very much the Pink of Fashion, with shirt-points serving as blinkers, and a very dashing waistcoat!"

"Good gracious, I wonder

what brings him here? Is Mrs. Monksleigh here, too?"

"No, he said he was staying with friends in the neighborhood. Hector thought he wasn't pleased to see me, but my guess is that— She broke off suddenly, and a laugh sprang to her eyes.

"Oh, I wonder if Hector was right after all? Fanny, do you recall my aunt's writing to me once that Gerard had been very much smitten with Emily? Can it be that the foolish boy has come here to dangle after her?"

"He would be a more suitable match for her than Lord Rotherham," said Fanny.

"He would be the worst possible match for her, my dear, for setting aside the fact that he has no fortune, he is very nearly as silly as she is, and has not yet outgrown the school-boy. However, it is not all likely that he will be a danger to Ivo, even if he has come to Bath in a love-lorn state. I notice that Emily's flirtations are always with men a good deal older than herself: her youthful admirers she considers stupid. It won't do, of course, if Gerard makes a cake of himself by enacting the disappointed lover for the entertainment of the Bath quizes. I do wonder whether he was telling me a whisker when he said he was visiting friends, or whether he is lurking somewhere in Bath. It will be well, perhaps, if I drop a hint to Emily not to encourage him to dangle after her. She is riding to Farley Castle with me tomorrow."

She spoke lightly, unaware of the fact that all recollection of this engagement had been banished from Emily's mind. The four o'clock mail had brought her shocking tidings. Lady Laleham and Lord Rotherham were coming to Bath.

Lady Laleham was so obliging as to disclose the day of her arrival; Lord Rother-

ham, more alarmingly wrote at the end of a letter which all too clearly showed impatience, gathering up a determination to see his reluctant bride, merely he proposed to come to immediately, and expected find Emily not only ready to receive him, but prepared to come to a point.

He made no mention of Monksleigh: Lady Laleham, the other hand, telling the daughter of Gerard's abode call at Cherrifield. He warned her that if, by chance, he had succeeded in discovering her direction, he was even now in Bath, he would be sent instantly to the point. If Lord Rotherham to find out that although he had been refused permission to his betrothed Mr. Monksleigh (who appeared to think himself a rival) was making up her, he would be very (he underscored) and justifiably angry. So, too, would Emily's affectionate Mama.

The combined effect of the two missives was to the Emily into a fever of apprehension. Converging upon each, filled with rage and termination, were two figures, one of whom was certainly arrive on the following afternoon, the other perhaps even sooner. Between them would inevitably be crash. She saw herself being dragged over her mother to the altar, there delivered into the power of one who by this time had in her distorted imagination a merciless ogre.

That her grandmother intervene to save her from hideous fate never occurred to her, partly because Mrs. Flo not unnaturally, had refrained from expressing to her opinion of her only daughter and partly because it was credible to Emily that her father, good-natured grand-

To page 68



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 27, 1955

Page 67





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Continuing . . . .

## Bath Tangle

[from page 66]

could exercise the smallest influence over the far more formidable Lady Laleham. Her only hope of support seemed to lie in Mr. Monksleigh's slender person. Terrifying under any circumstances though the approaching ordeal must be, she felt that if he would only remain at her side to protect her there might be a very faint chance of her surviving it. Or he might be able to think of a way to escape.

It was true that the only plan he had so far evolved would not serve the purpose at all, since it depended for its success on the resolution she was well aware that she lacked; but when he learned of the imminent peril in which she stood he might, perhaps, be inspired with further schemes.

Her hope was not misplaced. After looking round the theatre and perceiving, with a start of surprise, that Mrs. Floore was in one of the boxes, Gerard hurried upstairs in the first interval, encountering Mr. Goring's party on their way to the foyer. He received a friendly greeting from Mrs. Floore, a slight bow from Mr. Goring, and from Emily a look so full of meaning that he at once realised that something of an appalling nature must have happened since the morning.

Mr. Goring being occupied in guiding Mrs. Floore to a seat against the wall, it was an easy matter for Gerard to whisk Emily to the other end of the foyer, where, in an urgent undervoice she told him of the letters she had received, and besought his counsel and support.

He showed no tendency to minimise the danger. Indeed, he was more inclined to magnify it. The intelligence that his guardian was coming, like Nemesis, to Bath, transfixed him with dismay, and set his wits working faster than ever before in his life. Emily's timid suggestion that he should come to Beaufort Square to confront Rotherham at her side, he dismissed hastily, saying with great vehemence, "Useless!"

Emily wrung her hands. "They will make me do just as they say, then! I can't—I can't tell them I won't, Gerard! Oh, do you think Mama and Lady Serena may be right, and it won't be so very dreadful to be married to Lord Rotherham?"

"No," said Gerard positively. "It would be far worse than you dream of! I tell you this, Emily, Rotherham is a tyrant! He will make you wholly subservient to his will. I have cause to know! You cannot yet have seen him in one of his rages, my poor darling! They are quite ungoverned! His servants are all terrified of him, and with good cause!" He saw that her face was per-

fectly white, and pressed home his advantage. "You must not meet him! All will be lost if you come within reach of that—that ruthless despotism Emily, we must elope!"

It was not to be expected that she would instantly perceive the advantages of the course. She was, in fact, shocked by such a suggestion but by the time Gerard had regaled her with an account of his own sufferings at Rotherham's hands, and some liberal prophecies of the horrors in store for her; and had declared himself to be incapable of imagining the extent or effect of the Marquis' wrath when he discovered—as discover he would—what had been going on in Bath, she was ready to consent to any measure that would rescue her from her Andromeda-like plight.

People were beginning to leave the foyer; Gerard had only time before Mrs. Floore bore down upon them to warn her not to breathe a word to her, but to meet him in Queen's Square at ten o'clock on the following morning.

"Leave everything to me!" he ordered. "Once in my care you are safe!"

These somewhat grandiloquent words were music to her ears. Naturally dependent, she was only too thankful to be able to cast her care on to his shoulders; and now that he had ceased to counsel her to face her tyrants with resolution she began to think that she might like him very well as a husband. At least he was kind and gentle, and loved her very much; and although he was not her ideal, she supposed that they might live very contentedly together.

Her mind relieved of its paramount dread, she was able to listen to the rest of the play with tolerable enjoyment, but she did not recover her vivacity, her attitude being languid and listless enough to make Mrs. Floore say, as soon as Mr. Goring had escorted them home: "Now, Emma, love, you just tell Grandma what's the matter, and no nonsense! If you're looking like a drowned mouse all because your ma is coming to stay with me tomorrow, you're a goose cap! Now, ain't you?"

"I—I am afraid Mama means to take me away from you, Grandma!" faltered Emily.

"Bless your sweet heart!" exclaimed Mrs. Floore, planting a smacking kiss upon her cheek. "So you don't want to leave your grandma! Well, I don't deny I love to hear you say so, my pet, but there's reason in all things, and I can't say that I'm surprised your ma's got to be a trifle impatient. I'll be

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## Nervous babies

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

THE effect of mental health on physical well-being and the interaction of mind and body have long been recognised by psychologists and psychiatrists.

Most young mothers devote the utmost care to the physical health of their babies and toddlers. Many do not realise that the mental health of a baby and a young child needs the same attention.

A baby's brain grows more in the first year of life than in all the succeeding years. Long hours of restful sleep are most important in his healthy mental development.

Getting a baby to form good habits from the beginning is the first step in building a stable

nervous system. Disturbed sleep, irregular hours, over-feeding, and over-stimulation by visitors or other members of the family are some of the things which interfere with restful sleep.

Keeping a toddler always with you or with other adults instead of arranging playtime and companionship with other children of the same age group is another frequent cause of poor mental health.

A child who is constantly kept with adults is apt to get selfish and spoilt, as he usually holds the centre of attention. A good day nursery or kindergarten where he gets the healthy companionship of other children is of great value in solving the problem of a one-child family.



## Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

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found she's got her head full of your bride-clothes by this time—and so will you have before you are very much older! Lord, how I do look forward to reading all about you when you're a Marchioness! You think about what's before you, pet, and never mind about your old grandma!"

This bracing speech, excellent in intention though it was, shut the door on confidence. Grandmama, as much as Mama, wished to see Emily a Marchioness. Emily kissed her, and went upstairs to bed, planning her escape on the morrow, praying that it might not be frustrated by the arrival of her betrothed, and wondering where Gerard meant to take her.

Serena, arriving in Beaufort Square at eleven o'clock on the following morning, mounted on her good-looking mare, and attended by her groom, was a little surprised not to see a lovely horse waiting outside Mrs. Floore's house. Fully alive to the honor of being invited to ride with so noted a horse-woman, Emily had formed the practice, on these occasions, of ordering her hired hack to be brought round quite twenty minutes too soon, and of running out of the house, the instant she saw, from her lookout in the dining-room windows, that neat figure rounding the corner of the square.

"You had better knock on the door, Fobbing," Serena said, holding out her hand for his bridle.

He gave it to her, but before he had reached the front door, it opened, and Mr. Goring stepped out. He came up to the mare, and looking gravely into the beautiful face above him, said: "Lady Serena, Mrs. Floore desires me to ask you if you will be so good as to come into the house for a moment."

Her brows rose swiftly. "I will do so, certainly. Is anything amiss?"

"I am afraid—very much amiss," he replied, in a heavy tone. He held up his hand. "May I assist you to—"

"No, I thank you." One deft, practised movement, and her voluminous skirt was clear of the pommels. The next instant she was on the ground, and giving her bridle into Fobbing's hand. She caught up her skirt, swinging it over her arm, and went with Mr. Goring into the house. "Is Emily ill?" she asked.

"No, not ill. It will be better, I daresay, if you learn from Mrs. Floore what has occurred. I myself arrived here only a short time ago, and—But I will take you up to Mrs. Floore! I should warn you that you will find her in considerable distress, Lady Serena."

"What can have happened?" she exclaimed, hurrying towards the stairs, her whip still in her hand. He followed close on her booted heels, and on the first floor slid in front of her to open the door into the drawing-room. Serena went in, with her free stride, but checked in astonished dismay at the spectacle that met her eyes. The redoubtable Mrs. Floore, still attired in her dressing-gown, was lying back in a deep wing-chair, her housekeeper holding burnt feathers to her nose, and her maid kneeling before her and chafing her hands.

"My dear ma'am—I! For heaven's sake, what dreadful accident has befallen?" Serena demanded.

The housekeeper, shedding tears, sobbed: "It's her poor heart, my lady! The shock gave her such palpitations as was like to have carried her off! Years ago, the doctor told me she should take care, and now see what's come of it! Oh, my lady, what a serpent's tooth she has nourished in her bosom!"

The maid, much moved, began to sob in sympathy. Mrs. Floore, whose usually rubicund countenance Serena saw to have assumed an alarm-

ingly grey tinge, opened her eyes and said faintly, "Oh, my dear! What shall I do? Why didn't she tell me? Oh, what a silly, blind fool I have been! I thought—What am I to do?"

Serena, casting her whip on to the table and stripping off here elegant gauntlets, said in her authoritative way, "You shall remain perfectly quiet, dear ma'am, until you are a little restored. Get up off the floor, woman, and fetch some hartshorn or a cordial to your mistress immediately! And



take those feathers away, you idiot! Mr. Goring, be so good as to help me move her on to the sofa!"

He was very willing, but a little doubtful, and said in a low voice: "I had better call up the butler; she is too heavy for you, ma'am!"

Serena, who had quickly arranged some cushions at the head of the sofa, merely replied briefly, "Take her shoulders, and do not talk nonsense!"

Once disposed at full length on the sofa, Mrs. Floore moaned, but soon began to look less grey. She tried to speak, but Serena hushed her, saying, "Presently, ma'am!" When the maid came back

bearing a glass containing a dose of some cordial in her trembling hand, Serena took it from her, and, raising the sufferer's head, obliged her to swallow it.

In a very short space of time the color began to come back into Mrs. Floore's cheeks, and her breathing became more regular. The housekeeper, bereft of her evil-smelling feathers, waved a vinaigrette about under her nose, and her maid, still much affected, fanned her with a copy of the "Morning Post."

Serena moved away to the window, where Mr. Goring was standing.

"The less she tries to talk the better it will be for her," she said in an undertone. "Now, tell me, if you please, what has happened to upset her like this?"

"Emily—Miss Laleham, I should say—has left the house," he responded still in that heavy tone. He saw that she was staring at him with knit brows, and added, "She has run away, ma'am. Leaving behind her a letter for her grandmother."

"Good heavens! Where is it?"

"Give it to her, Ned!" commanded Mrs. Floore, struggling to sit up. "Drat you, Stoke, don't keep pushing me back! Give me those smelling-

salts and go away, do! I don't need you any more, nor you neither, Betsy, crying all over me! No, don't you go, Ned! If there's anything to be done, there's no one else to do it for me, for I can't go careering all over the country—not that it would do a mite of good if I could, for who's to say where she's gone to? Oh, Emma, why ever didn't you tell your grandma?"

Mr. Goring had picked up a sheet of paper from the table, and had in silence handed it to Serena.

"Dearest Grandmama," it began in Emily's unformed writing, "I am so very sorry, and I do not like to grieve you, but I cannot bear it and I cannot marry Lord R. in spite of coronets, because he frightens me, and I did not tell you but he has written me a dreadful letter and is coming here and he and Mama will make me do just what they want, and indeed I cannot bear it, though I hate excessively to leave you without saying goodbye. Pray do not be angry with me, my dear, dearest Grandmama. Your loving Emma. P.S.: Pray, pray do not tell Mama or Lord R. where I have gone."

"You would certainly be in a puzzle to do so!" said Serena, reaching the postscript. "Of all the bird-witted little idiots—I! My dear ma'am, I beg your pardon, but she deserves to be slapped for such folly! What does she mean by writing such stuff? Rotherham write her a 'dreadful letter'? What nonsense! If he has grown impatient, it is not to be wondered at, but to write of him as though he were an ogre is quite abominable!"

"But she is afraid of him, Lady Serena," said Mr. Goring.

"I ought to have known it was Sukey's doing!" said Mrs. Floore in an agony of remorse. "Right at the start, didn't I suspect it? Only then Emma wrote me such a letter, so happy it seemed to me, that I thought—Poor little lamb, if I'd only had the sense to tell her what I think of Sukey, which I never did, not thinking

it seemly, she wouldn't have been afraid to tell me! And now there's Sukey coming here this very day, and how to face her I don't know, for there's no denying I haven't taken proper care of Emma. Not that I care a fig for Sukey, and so I shall tell her! And as for this precious Marquis, let him dare show his face here! Let him dare, that's all I ask! Scaring the dear little soul out of her senses, which nobody can tell me he hasn't done, because I know better! And last night—"

She turned despairingly to Mr. Goring. "Oh, Ned, I thought she was moped because she didn't want Sukey to take her away from me, and all I did was to tell her to think about her bride-clothes, so I daresay she took it into her head I was as set on this nasty marriage as her ma! And now what am I to do? When I think of my little Emma, running off all alone, to hide herself heaven knows where—"

"You may be certain of one thing at least, ma'am!" interrupted Serena. "She has not run away alone!"

Mr. Goring directed a steady look at her. "Is there an attachment between her and young Monksleigh, ma'am?"

She shrugged. "On her side, I should very much doubt it; on his, evidently! I shall be sorry for him if it ever comes to Rotherham's ears that he persuaded Emily into this escapade! It is the most disgraceful thing to have done, and if he comes off with a whole skin he may think himself fortunate! Mrs. Floore, pray, don't cry! The matter is not past mending, I can assure you. I collect that Gerard came to Bath to see Emily, not to stay with friends; has he been to this house? Had you no suspicion of what was in the wind?"

"No, my dear, because Emma said he was the Marquis's ward, which made it seem right to me, and besides which I thought he was such a twiddle-poop there wasn't the least harm in letting him go with

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# MODERN TENSION, 'NERVES' STRAIN, PAIN & HEADACHES

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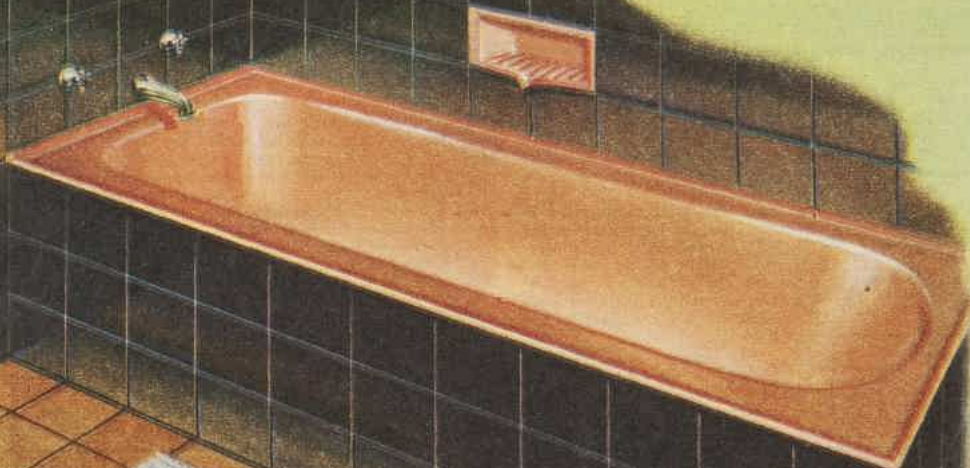
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to the Gala night, which did."

Serena smiled, but said, "De-  
mid upon it, this dramatic  
ght was his notion, not  
nily, ma'am! What is more,  
would wager my pearls all  
is nonsense about Rother-  
am was put into her silly  
ad by him! But let us not  
aste time in discussing that!  
hat we have to do is to get  
r back. Mr. Goring, I shall  
ed your help!"

"I shall be happy to do  
everything in my power, Lady  
rena, to restore Miss Lale-  
am to Mrs. Floore, but I  
ill have no hand in forcing  
er into marriage with a man  
who she fears," he replied  
rudely.

"Let me see anyone dare!"  
id Mrs. Floore. "Only fetch  
er back to me, and trust me  
s read this Marquis to the  
ghabout, and Sukey, too!"

"There is no question of  
precising her to marry Rother-  
am," said Serena. "When  
he meets him again, I fancy  
he will discover that the ex-  
remely unamiable portrait she  
as painted of him is wide of  
the mark. Is it known when  
he left the house?"

"No because no one saw her  
o, only she wasn't gone be-  
are an o'clock, that Betsey  
wears to, for she heard her  
singing about in her bedroom  
hen she passed the door. And  
ne ate a bite of bread and  
utter, and drank a cup of  
offee before she went, and  
toko says the tray was taken  
p to her at a quarter to ten,  
ist as usual. For I don't  
et up to breakfast myself, so  
mma has hers in bed, too."  
"Come, this is much better!"  
id Serena. "I feared she  
ight have left overnight, in  
hich case we should have had  
mething to do indeed. Mr.  
oring, have you met Gerard  
fontleugh?"

"I met him at the theatre  
at night, ma'am."

"Then you will be able to  
describe him," said Serena  
briskly. "We may be sure of  
this: they are not lurking in  
Bath! I do Gerard the justice  
to think that he means to  
marry Emily—though how he  
imagines he may do so, when  
each of them is under age, is  
more than I can tell! It would  
be in keeping with all the rest  
if he is bearing her off to  
Gretna Green, but where he  
found the money for such a  
journey is again more than I  
can tell! Still, we shall act on  
that assumption, Mr. Goring."

"Certainly," he agreed  
quickly. "What do you wish  
me to do, Lady Serena?"

"To visit the posting-houses  
here, of course. I imagine you  
must know them well. Dis-  
cover if Gerard hired a chaise,  
and where it was to take him?  
Did you ride here from Bris-  
tol? Is your horse in Bath?"

"I drove here, ma'am, in  
my curricle. If I should be  
able to discover the road they  
took, I can have the horses  
put to in a trice," he replied.  
"I'll set out immediately!"

"Ned Goring, I'll go all the  
way to Land's End for Emma,  
but I'll do it decently!" de-  
clared Mrs. Floore. "Don't  
you think to hoist me into any  
nasty, open carriage! A  
chaise-and-four, that's what  
you'll hire!"

"My dear ma'am, you are  
going to remain quietly here,"  
said Serena. "It would be  
quite unfit for you to be  
rocked and jolted for heaven  
knows how many hours! More-  
over, if this exploit is to be  
kept secret, it is most neces-  
sary that you should be here.  
If Rotherham is indeed on his  
way to Bath, he will have to  
be fobbed off, you know. What-  
ever be the issue between him  
and Emily, you cannot wish

## Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

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him to know how scandalously  
she is behaving—or Lady Lale-  
ham either, for that matter!  
You must tell them both that  
Emily has gone with a party  
on an expedition of pleasure.  
And as for your curricle, Mr.  
Goring, leave it where it is!  
We shall catch our runaways  
very much more speedily if we  
ride, and we shan't advertise  
to every pike-keeper, and every  
chance traveller, that we are  
racing in pursuit of someone.

which was strong, was shocked  
by the thought of a lady's set-  
ting out, quite unchaperoned,  
in a chaise that might lead her  
many miles from Bath, but he  
attempted no further remon-  
strance. He said instead, "I  
know where I may procure a  
good horse, Lady Serena."

"Excellent! Then will you  
go now and see what you can  
discover? Inform my groom,  
if you please, that my plans  
have been altered. I am going  
with Miss Laleham to join a  
picnic party, and since we do

sitting limply on the sofa lis-  
tening to this exchange, a  
gleam of hope in her eyes,  
but the lines on her face  
deeply carved all at once, said  
with an effort, "I ought not to  
let you go, my lady. I know  
I ought not. Whatever will  
Lady Spenborough say to me?"

Serena laughed. "Why,  
nothing, ma'am! I am going  
to write to her, and Fobbing  
shall take the letter to her. I  
must tell her what has taken  
me away, I am afraid, but you  
may rest assured the story is  
safe with her. May I write  
at your desk?"

"Oh, yes, my lady!" Mrs.  
Floore answered mechanically.  
She sat plucking restlessly at  
a fold of her dressing-gown,  
and suddenly demanded:  
"What did he do to her? Why  
did he scare her out of her  
senses? Why did he want to  
offer for her, if he didn't love  
her?"

"Exactly!" said Serena dryly.  
"An unanswerable question, is  
it not? I believe the truth is,  
ma'am, that he is more in  
love with her than she can as  
yet understand. She is very  
young—quite childish, in fact!  
—and not, I think of a pas-  
sionate disposition. It is other-  
wise with him, and that, un-  
less I much mistake the mat-  
ter, is what alarmed her."

"There's a great deal in  
what you say, my dear," agreed  
Mrs. Floore. "But it's as plain  
as a pikestaff she don't love  
him!"

"She loves no one else,"  
Serena replied. "It is not  
unusual, ma'am, for a bride to  
start with no more than  
liking."

"Well, it don't appear she  
likes him either!" said Mrs.  
Floore, reviving a little. "What's  
more, my dear, those ways  
may do very well for tonnish  
people, but they don't do for  
me! If Emma don't love him,  
she shan't marry him!"

Serena looked up from the

letter she was writing. "It  
would not be well for her to  
cry off, ma'am, believe me!"  
"You did so!" Mrs. Floore  
pointed out.

"Yes, I did," agreed Serena.  
Mrs. Floore digested this.

"Sukey and her dratted  
ambition!" she said suddenly  
and bitterly. "You needn't tell  
me, my dear! I know the  
world! You could cry off,  
and no one to say more than  
that you were rid of a bad  
bargain; but if Emma did it,  
there'd be plenty to say that,  
if the truth was known, it was  
him and not her that really  
did the crying off!"

"I did not say it was well  
for me either, ma'am," Serena  
replied quietly.

Mrs. Floore heaved a large  
sigh.

"I don't know what to do  
for the best, and that's a fact!  
If you're right, my lady, and  
Emma finds she likes him after  
all, I wouldn't want to spoil  
her chances, because there's  
no doubt she has got a fancy  
to be a Marchioness. At the  
same time—Well, one thing  
is certain, and that's that I'm  
not letting the Marquis into the  
house until I have Emma  
safe and sound here again!  
The servants shall tell him  
she's gone off for a picnic and  
very likely won't be home till  
late—Oh, lor', whatever's to  
be done if you and Ned don't  
find them today? If they're  
putting up at a posting-house  
for the night it'll be no use  
finding them at all!"

"If I know Gerard," re-  
torted Serena, "he will insist  
on driving through the night,  
ma'am! He will wish to put  
as much ground as possible  
between himself and Rother-  
ham—and with good reason!  
But if Mr. Goring can dis-  
cover the road they took I  
have no doubt we shall catch  
them long before nightfall."

To be concluded



"Tell him I'm out."

That is a thing we should do  
our best to avoid!" "You do  
not mean to go, ma'am!"

"Of course I mean to go!"  
she replied impatiently. "How  
in the world do you think you  
could manage without me? You  
are quite unrelated to  
Emily; you cannot compel her  
to return with you! All that  
would happen, I dare swear, is  
that you and Gerard would be  
fighting it out, with the post-  
boys as seconds, and then there  
would be the devil to pay!"

His sense of decorum,

not set out immediately he  
must walk the mare a little  
till I am ready for her."

"You will not take him with  
you?" he suggested tentatively.  
"No, certainly not: he would  
be a confounded nuisance, for  
ever trying to persuade me to  
turn back! I had rather have  
your escort, Mr. Goring!" she  
replied, with the flash of a  
smile.

He stammered that he would  
be honored to serve her, and  
went away to obey her various  
commands.

Mrs. Floore, who had been

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Post entries to: Persil 'Car-a-Week' Contest,  
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4. There will be five weekly Contests, each  
with its own set of prizes. Dates are:—

	OPENS	CLOSES
1st Contest	24th March	31st April
2nd Contest	10th April	16th April
3rd Contest	17th April	23rd April
4th Contest	24th April	30th April
5th Contest	1st May	14th May

5. Entries will be judged for correctness,  
neatness and aptness of thought. The judges'  
decision will be final and no correspondence  
will be entered into.

6. Entries received before midnight, 9th

April, will be judged in the first week's  
Contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged  
in the then current week's Contest, which  
will close at midnight each successive Satur-  
day. Entries for the fifth and final week  
must be post-marked before midnight,  
Saturday, 14th May, and received by 21st  
May, 1955. This is an extension of one  
week to the original closing date.

7. Persil packet tops are not required from  
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Law of that State.

### PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Prize winners will be announced on the  
radio programme, "Give It A Go." The  
results of the 1st Contest will be announced  
on Monday, 25th April; 2nd Contest on  
Monday, 2nd May; 3rd Contest on Monday,  
16th May; 4th Contest on Monday, 23rd  
May; 5th Contest on Monday, 30th May.  
In addition, all prize winners will be notified  
by mail.

"Far whiter than last week—  
Look!"

(4 WORDS REQUIRED)



Contestants must complete the headline for the well-  
known Persil advertisement which reads, "Far Whiter than  
Last Week—Look!" (4 words required), then add  
the last line to this Persil jingle in the space provided:—

"Persil washes whiter,  
And that means cleaner, too;  
The oxygen in Persil Suds

Example: Does all the work for you.

Name

Address

State

Entries may be written on a plain sheet of paper, together  
with your name and address, or on this entry form.  
Entries should be accompanied by a Persil packet top.  
Persil packet tops are not required from residents of  
any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would  
contravene the Law of that State.

P.111.WW74gr



# How to plan happy, wholesome meals round a good hot bowl of tempting **Continental Soup**

BRAND



Betty King, Home Economist  
of World Brands.

by Betty King

Three meals a day every day! Sometimes, I think men don't realise what a headache it can be just thinking up what to serve.

But planning enjoyable, satisfying meals for your family can be fun. And if you plan ahead, you save yourself a lot of time and energy.

Here's one sure way I've found. Serve soup at least once a day. Whether it's a simple dinner for John and the boys or that celebration lunch in honour of Mary's engagement, a bowl of piping-hot, savoury soup is the perfect starting-off point.

## Home-made the Modern Way

"But soup-making... chopping up... hours of simmering?" I hear some of you say. It shouldn't be. To-day, we have it all over Mother's generation. We

make home-made soup the modern way — with Continental brand. Only minutes from packet to table. Delicious and nourishing, too, I promise you.

## Fresh Ingredients

Here, in our modern kitchen, we spent months and months making Continental brand soups as wholesome and good-tasting as any that came out of old-fashioned stock pots. Only the finest of

fresh ingredients ever go into a packet of Continental brand soup. And each packet of Continental makes four substantial helpings — for only a few pence. Economy is important these days, as we all know.



The Betty King Kitchen, headquarters of World Brands, an international food organisation. Here, many hours are spent testing and developing new products to make cooking easier and more pleasant for Australian housewives.

## It Must Be Continental

On this page, you'll find three Continental brand soups... Chicken Noodle, Tomato Vegetable and the newest addition to the family, Cream of Celery. Be wise, don't accept substitutes! Then team these grand soups with the meal suggestions I've made. You'll have fun thinking up plenty of others, to give your family interesting, wholesome meals.



**CREAM OF CELERY** for those who like a thick, creamy soup with the delicious flavour of real celery. It's new!

DINNER BUILT AROUND

**Continental Brand CREAM OF CELERY**

Croquettes, green beans, pumpkin and potatoes.  
Lemon meringue pie.



**CHICKEN NOODLE** is everyone's favourite. The tempting taste of real chicken in a delicately seasoned stock, brimming with enriched egg noodles.

DINNER BUILT AROUND

**Continental Brand CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP**

Grilled chops, green peas, grilled tomatoes, mashed potatoes.  
Apple pie and custard.



**TOMATO VEGETABLE** with five fresh vegetables in tomato stock is a hot, tasty treat on shivery days. (How about filling a thermos flask with this for Dad to take to work?)

LUNCH BUILT AROUND

**Continental Brand TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP**

Toasted cheese sandwiches. Tea or coffee.

## A FRESH WAY TO USE CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

Of course, you'll want to serve Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup often just as it is. But a soup like this is made to do things with. A delicious Cream of Chicken, for instance. Here's how:

**P.S. (Very important).** The home-made flavour of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup makes it a splendid basic ingredient for other soup — to add or to heighten flavour. Keep several packets always on hand! If you'd like further meal suggestions, the address of the Betty King Kitchen is Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Cream of Chicken Soup

Cook 1 packet Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup as directed but using only 3 cups water instead of 4 as stated on packet. Stir in 1 cup of white sauce (unsalted).

**FOR SAUCE:** Add 1 level tablespoon flour to  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. melted butter. Cook several minutes without browning then add 1 cup milk. Stir till the sauce boils and thickens.



# FOOD . . . CHINESE STYLE



SILVER WINE CUPS, ivory chopsticks set on silver stands, and dishes containing red melon seeds give atmosphere to this Chinese dinner setting. It was arranged by Mrs. S. H. Sih at an exhibition of table settings.

*This charming Chinese dinner setting was arranged by Mrs. S. H. Sih, wife of the Consul-General for China, at a recent exhibition of modern and antique table settings held in Sydney.*

THERE is an interesting legend surrounding the plant in the right-hand corner of the photograph.

Known as "the 10,000 years green plant," it flowers only once every 5 or 6 years, but when it does it means luck is coming to the house.

The jade ornament in the form of a tree is decorated with cornelian, amethyst, white, and green jade fruits and flowers.

Few Australians could attempt a table setting like this. But by following the recipes given on this page, every homemaker will find she can cook the Chinese way.

Most of the ingredients mentioned in the recipes are obtainable from stores specialising in Chinese foodstuffs.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes refer to level spoons.

**SWEET AND SOUR PORK**  
One or two pounds good lean pork, equal quantities of sugar, vinegar, water, soya bean sauce, small quantity cornflour, lard, pineapple cubes or Chinese mixed pickles.

Cut pork into convenient pieces, not too thick. Dry and fry quickly in hot lard for few minutes. Remove from fire, drain off fat. Make a smooth sauce by combining vinegar, sugar, water, and soya bean sauce, bring to boil and thicken with small quantity of cornflour. Pour over hot pork, add pineapple or pickles.

**SHARK FIN SOUP**  
(Sharks' fins, prepared ready for cooking and done up in ½ lb. or ¼ lb. packs, can be purchased from stores selling Chinese foodstuffs.)

Half pound sharks' fins, soup made from 1 boiling chicken, soup made from 1 lb. lean pork, ½ oz. wine,

½ oz. each green ginger and garlic, salt to taste.

Cover sharks' fins with water, add ginger, garlic, and salt. Boil gently for 3 hours. Remove sharks' fins, add to pork and chicken soup, season with salt, cook slowly until quite soft. Add wine. Serve very hot.

## SPRING ROLLS

**Filling:** Half pound each of minced pork, veal, or beef, shallots (onions can substitute), cabbage, and prawns, lard for cooking, 1 clove garlic, 1 dessertspoon soya bean sauce (or vegetable extract may be used), salt, pepper.

Wash vegetables, chop small, then

mixture, and beat until smooth. Grease a heavy frying pan, pour in some of the batter and allow to run thinly and evenly over pan. Allow to dry and set, but do not brown, browning comes later. Do not turn over. Remove from pan and cool. Fry the others in the same way.

**Final Process:** Heap cooked meat mixture in centre of each thin pancake, leaving fried side on the inside, painting edge with remaining half egg, which has been beaten. This makes the roll stick. Fry in hot lard until brown. These rolls can be completely prepared in the morning, leaving only the final browning to be done before serving.

## PRAWN FRITTERS

One cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2-3rd. cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 lb. large prawns, fat or oil for frying.

\* Make batter first. Sift flour and salt. Make a well in centre, beat in milk and eggs gradually. Wash prawns, remove black veins and shells, but do not remove tails. Holding each prawn by the tail, dip it in batter, omitting the tail piece. Deep fry in fuming fat or oil until a delicate brown.

The prawns can be dipped in one piece, or slit down the centre, making butterfly prawns if liked.

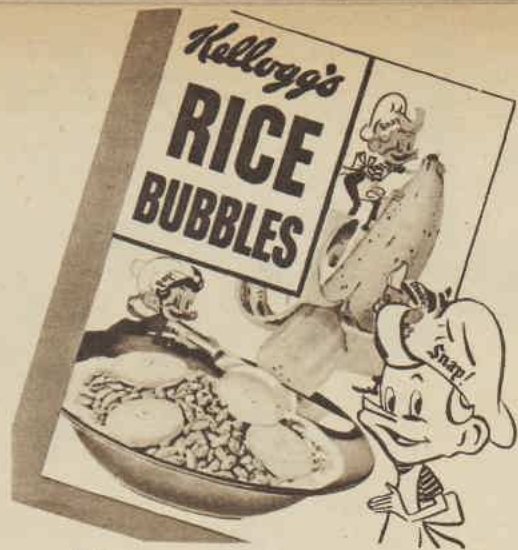
## CHICKEN ROLL

One dozen dried mushrooms, ½ lb. cooked chicken flesh, 6oz. lobster meat, 3 sticks celery, ½ lb. bamboo shoots, ½ lb. water-chestnuts (may be omitted), 2 eggs, 4 or 5 leeks or spring onions, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 6oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour.

Soak mushrooms 1 hour in sufficient hot water to cover. Wash well in fresh, clean water, drain thoroughly and squeeze out as much water as possible. Cut into short thin strips, discarding stems. Cut chicken, lobster, celery, bamboo shoots, water-chestnuts, and leeks or onions into long, thin strips. Mix all these ingredients with salt, sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, and 1 beaten egg. Sift flour and cornflour, mix to a smooth thin batter with the remaining egg beaten with some milk. Thoroughly grease a small frying pan, when hot pour in 2 tablespoons of the batter and tilt pan so that it runs evenly over surface. Allow to set, lift out carefully, place a good ¼ cup chicken mixture in centre, moisten edges with egg, fold one side over, then both ends, and lastly the other side. Continue until all batter is used. Deep fry until brown. Cut each roll into four to serve.

**By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR  
FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT**





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Golden bubbles of flavour—so crisp you hear them go "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" as you pour on the milk! So deliciously crunchy and satisfying that whole families prefer Kellogg's Rice Bubbles to any other breakfast cereal.



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For Tiles, Walls, Kettles, Chromium, Copper, Nickel, Brass, Furniture & Floors

FLUFFY, COOKED RICE is delightful served as an accompaniment to fruit curry. Both dishes are prepared well ahead and served iced. See recipe below.



## Shortcake wins £5

Recipes for date shortcake, iced fruit curry, and banana caramel tart are this week's prize-winners in our contest.

**DATE SHORTCAKE**, which wins the main prize, is delicious. It will keep well for a week in an airtight tin.

Iced fruit curry, a consolation prize-winner, is an unusual dish you may like to serve for a special supper.

Banana caramel tart, another prize-winner, is an excellent quick-dinner sweet.

All spoon measurements are level.

### DATE SHORTCAKE

One cup finely chopped dates, 1½ cups flour, ½ cup self-raising flour, 1 cup castor sugar, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 egg-white, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 tablespoons finely chopped mixed peel, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, 2 tablespoons split blanched almonds.

Sift flours, salt, sugar, add lemon rind, peel, dates, and ginger. Beat whole egg slightly, add to mixture, and work in with the hands until crumbly. Add shortening and again work in with the hands until it forms a dry paste. Knead

on floured board until mixture is pliable. Press into 8in. greased sandwich-tin and press a grill round the edge with the thumb. Break egg-white slightly and brush over top. Decorate with almonds and bake in a slow oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Leave in tin until cold and serve cut in fingers.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Lawrence, 7 Collins Street, Mitcham, Vic.

### ICED FRUIT CURRY

Two apples, 1 onion, 2 potatoes, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 tin pineapple pieces, 1 banana, 1 small cucumber, 2 tablespoons sultanas, salt and pepper to taste, 3 teaspoons curry powder, 1 lemon.

**Coconut Rice:** Half cup rice, 1 tablespoon coconut, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons chutney, 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt to taste.

Peel and slice apples, onion, and potatoes, brown lightly in butter or substitute. Place in saucepan with drained pineapple, sliced banana, chopped cucumber, sultanas, salt, pepper, curry powder, and lemon juice, simmer gently until potatoes are tender. Prepare coconut rice. Wash rice

thoroughly under running water, cook in large quantity boiling salted water until soft. Drain well. Stir in coconut, mustard, chutney, salt, and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Chill 2 hours, serve with fruit curry, garnish with lemon and parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss M. Allyn, 3 Fourth Avenue, St. Peters, Adelaide.

### BANANA CARAMEL TART

One 7in. pastry case, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon butter, juice of ½ orange, ½ cup sugar, 2 small caramel sweets, 1 mashed banana, 3 dessertspoons arrowroot, 3 dessertspoons custard powder.

Place milk, butter, orange juice, sugar, chopped caramels, and banana in saucepan and bring to boil. Blend arrowroot and custard powder with a little water and add to mixture, stirring well all the time. Simmer 3 minutes, then allow to cool. Fill into pastry case and top with cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Ryan, Police Station, Marion, via Mackay, Qld.

### Family dish:

### LAYERED LAMB CASSEROLE

**BEST** neck chops, flavoured with apple, chutney, and tomatoes, make this week's family dish. It is oven-cooked, serves four, and costs approximately 5/3.

Five best neck chops, 1 onion, 2 green apples, 2 tomatoes, ½ cup diced celery (may be omitted), salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons fruit chutney, ½ cup stock or water, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon gravy powder.

Trim chops, remove loose pieces of bone and excess fat. Peel and slice onions; peel, core and slice apples; skin and slice tomatoes. Place a layer of chops in bottom of greased casserole, cover with layers of onion, apple, tomato slices, and celery. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and add 1 tablespoon chutney. Repeat layers, using all ingredients. Pour over stock or water mixed with sauce and gravy powder. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours until meat is tender.

### Tony's luxury dish:

### Almond & fruit souffle

**TONY** likes to make this dessert with cooked fresh peaches, but tinned or bottled peaches are quite suitable. Fruit should be well drained and quite thinly sliced.

Three-quarters cup almonds, 1 cup icing sugar, 4 whites of eggs, 1lb. sliced pineapple or peaches.

Use a fancy, fluted mould for this dessert. Arrange prep red fruit in bottom and along walls of the mould. For the souffle, blanch and skin almonds, dry in a slow oven; then grind twice or grate very finely and continue drying until they are quite hard and brittle. Mix prepared almonds with icing sugar. Beat egg-whites stiffly with a few grains of salt. When the whites are clinging to the dish and have begun to stiffen, keep beating a few minutes longer. Fold the whites carefully into the almond mixture and pour over fruit in mould. Bake in water bath 35 or 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Cool and unmould on serving-plate. Glaze the fruit top with some boiled fruit juice and garnish with whipped cream and additional slices of fruit.

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THE IMPROVED ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolin Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has been done—the miracle of a lasting complexion. Use as a make-up.

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Destroy worms by

**Comstock's Worm**



# TASTY

# Ravioli

MADE THE ITALIAN WAY...



*"Add a Continental touch to your menu with this unusual yet simple-to-make dish", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.*

#### Ingredients:

**Filling:** 8-oz. Kraft Cheddar, finely grated; 1 egg, beaten; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; ¼ teaspoon cayenne; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce; pinch herbs.

**Pastry:** 1 lb. plain flour; 1 cup cold water (approx.); 1 teaspoon salt.

**Sauce:** 2 dessertspoons butter or cooking oil; 2 onions, chopped; ½ lb. minced steak; 4 tablespoons tomato paste; 2 cups water; 2 bayleaves; clove of garlic, crushed; pinch herbs; 1 teaspoon salt; dash pepper.

#### Method:

**Filling:** Cream together the beaten egg, grated cheese and chopped parsley. Add seasonings.

**Pastry:** Dissolve 1 teaspoon salt in a cup of cold water. Add sufficient water to flour to form a workable dough, and knead lightly. Divide in half

and roll out one half as thinly as possible to an oblong shape. Now place teaspoonfuls of the filling on the dough 1½" apart. Roll out remaining half of pastry to the same size and place on top of the other. Cut out each mound with a small pastry cutter. Re-roll remainder of dough in same manner until filling is used. Poach the ravioli in boiling, salted water for seven minutes or until they float on the top. Drain and serve with hot sauce. Serves four.

**Sauce:** Fry onions in hot butter or oil. Add meat and cook until it changes colour, then add tomato paste, two cups of water, garlic, salt, pepper, herbs and the bayleaves. Simmer for 30-35 minutes. Serve poured over ravioli.

Kraft Cheddar adds extra food value and delicious flavour to the family meals. That's because Kraft Cheddar is richer in strengthening protein than sirloin beef, and gives you important minerals, calcium and phosphates plus vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D! Kraft Cheddar is such an economical way to give your family satisfying main-course dishes that cost so little.



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Available in the new 1-oz. portion, the blue 8-oz. packet, the 2-lb. family pack, or from the economical 5-lb. loaf.

# Kraft Cheddar

PROCESSED AND PASTEURISED FOR PURITY







# Fashion PATTERNS

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3623.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make figure-moulding slip. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price, 2/6.

F3624.—Smart two-piece consisting of a skirt and separate jacket-blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: Blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material; skirt, 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, complete, 3/9.

F3623

F3625.—Short-skirted formal designed with the season's smartest silhouette—the long torso. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3626.—Tailored one-piece styled with a smooth bodice top and all-round knife-pleated skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3627.—Attractively designed blouse with high-winged collar and self material frilly trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3627

F3628

F3626

F3628.—Becoming skirt and separate blouse twosome. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: Blouse, 1 2-3rd yds. 54in. material; skirt, 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, complete, 3/9.

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand readers to Box 686, G.P.O., Auckland.

## Needlework Notions

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

### No. 885.—SMALL GIRL'S WINTER NIGHTGOWN

The nightgown is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral flannelette. The flannelette features a pretty pastel flower design on a white background. Sizes: Length 29in. for 3 years, 18/6, postage and registration, 1/8 extra; 31in. length for 3 years, 19/11, postage and registration, 1/8 extra; 33in. length for 4 years, 20/11, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 37in. length for 5 to 6 years, 21/11, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

### No. 886.—LUNCHEON SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is waffle pique in white, green, lemon, and mauve. Sizes: Centre mat 13in. x 18in.; plate mat 14in. x 12in.; serviette 11in. x 11in. Five-piece set including 1 centre and 4 plate mats, 10/6, postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Seven-piece set including 1 centre and 6 plate mats, 12/11, postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Serviettes 1/3 each, postage 3d. extra.

### No. 887.—SUPPER CLOTH

The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is Irish linen in cream and white only. Sizes: 45in. x 45in., 19/11, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 36in. x 36in., 16/6, postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

### No. 888.—GIRL'S PINAFORE AND BLOUSE

The pinafore is obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed tartan. The color choice includes Dress Stewart, Victoria, Royal Stewart, McBeth, Cumming (red, bottle-green, and black), and Clan (red, green, and white). Length: 20in. for 4 years, 17/6, postage and registration, 1/8 extra; 23in. for 6 years, 18/11, postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 26in. for 8 years, 19/11, postage and registration, 1/9 extra; 34in. for 10 years, 21/6, postage and registration, 1/9 extra. The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in lambskin, the color choice includes green, lemon, pink, and blue. Sizes: 4 years, 17/11, 6 years, 18/6, 8 years, 19/11, 10 years, 21/3. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

• Note. — Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

886

888

887

... News for Knitters!

Make a point of looking through the latest VILLAWOOL KNITTING BOOKS now at all good stores. You'll find the nicest knitteds for '55: charming patterns for all your family, combining new fashion points with comfort, smartness with good taste. (As for quality, you only have to feel them to know how much better these Villawool 4 Star Knitting Wools really are.)

... Star Patterns for '55!



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- ★ STARLITE CREPE
- ★ AURORA 4-PLY
- ★ FAERIE BABY WOOL

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Stop odour 24 hours!

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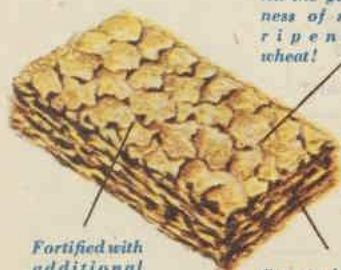


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Get them off to a flying start with energy-rich, flavour-rich WEET-BIX! These crisply toasted biscuits provide your family with the nourishment they need to keep them going till lunchtime! Whole wheat at its delicious best, WEET-BIX are enriched with malt... fortified with additional Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. Biological tests prove that children leap ahead on their vitamin-rich goodness!



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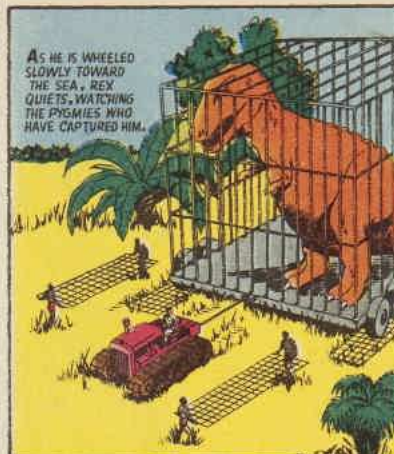
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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Attempt to capture alive the huge lizard they see during an African safari. The creature

is identified as a prehistoric dinosaur, Tyrannosaurus rex. Mandrake has a pit constructed to trap the animal. The twenty-ton beast is captured and hoisted into a mobile cage. NOW READ ON:





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water waves hair  
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So easy to  
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neutraliser!

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30 curl size

5/6

60 curl size

8/6



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"SABRINA."—Smart, slim-skirted, one-piece dress obtainable in Raye Lange rayon wool, and finished with a white plique collar. The color choice includes red, grey, light junior navy, light blue, and aqua.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 48/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 68/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 68/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

"CHARLENE."—Chic slender-line, button-front skirt obtainable in cheviot wool. The color choice includes black, green, and red; black, red, and yellow; black, yellow, and royal-blue; black, grey, and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 48/6. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 36/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

"DELYSE."—Attractive American-styled blouse obtainable in rayon twill. The color choice includes cream, pale blue, lemon, pale pink, and mid-green.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 48/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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American women love Cutex "Stay Fast" Lipstick for its creamy lanoline smoothness that clings to your lips hours longer! Apply Cutex "Stay Fast"—leave for a few minutes, then blot lightly with a tissue for day-long lip loveliness. Choose from a range of rich, fashion-right Cutex colours—to match up with your shimmering, long-wearing Cutex Nail Polish!

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correct grade required through the  
full range of engine temperatures . .  
doubles the time between overhauls . .**

From cold start . . through warm up . . to top temperature running, your engine requires three or four different grades of oil 'viscosity'. Special ENERGOL combines, for the first time, these four grades in one oil.

The perfect lubrication provided by Special ENERGOL through the full range of engine temperatures means an 80% reduction in engine wear, easier starting, greater power, and lower petrol consumption.

By reducing engine wear by 80% Special ENERGOL Visco-Static motor oil keeps new engines new, adds years to the life of a good used engine, saving the cost of rebore and engine replacement.

Exhaustive tests on Special ENERGOL under short duration start-and-stop conditions, have shown

a petrol saving of up to 18%. In the average car and on normal running, you will achieve an overall saving of between 5% and 10%.

Special ENERGOL greatly reduces the rate of carbon formation in combustion chambers. Thus full power ignition advance can be retained for a much greater mileage.

The combination of additives blended in Special ENERGOL sets new levels of efficiency in the prevention of corrosion, in the elimination of lacquer, carbon and sludge formation, and in the promotion of engine cleanliness.

**SAVES SO MUCH MORE THAN  
THE EXTRA IT COSTS!**

Metropolitan Prices:

19/6 per gallon, 5/6 per quart

(Prices vary slightly in Queensland,  
Tasmania and in country areas)

Marketed throughout Australia by  
THE COMMONWEALTH OIL REFINERIES LTD an associate of The British Petroleum Company Ltd



**SAFETY-SEALED FOR  
YOUR PROTECTION**  
Defeats dust and dirt  
Protects purity of oil  
Ensures accurate  
measure

**What  
VISCO-STATIC  
means**

Special ENERGOL represents a triumph in lubrication research because it has a Viscosity Index much higher than conventional oils—and its Visco-Static property enables it to maintain its viscosity far better than any conventional lubricating oils. It thus provides a much more suitable viscosity or thickness under all conditions of temperature and operation. It is never too thick, never too thin.

Special ENERGOL Visco-Static Motor Oil is the 'multi-grade' oil that will give superior lubrication wherever SAE 10, 20, 30 or 40 are normally recommended.

Special ENERGOL Visco-Static Motor Oil and a complete range of ENERGOL premium grade automotive oils and ENERGREASES are available where you see this pump.

